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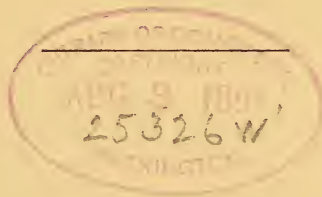
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THE
FREEDOM OF CHRIST

And Other Lectures

BY
FRANCIS E. MARSTEN

Pastor of the Broad Street Presbyterian Church
COLUMBUS, OHIO



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*To the
Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor,
East and West,
and
Young Fellow Students of the Word,
I Affectionately
Dedicate this volume.*



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HYMN.

Written for the International Convention of the Young People's Society
Christian Endeavor, 1891.

O, Saviour divine ! Thou light of the soul !
All glory be thine, Thy name we extol :
The great congregation their praises now bring,
In full consecration to Thee, O, our King.

With ardor of youth, arise in His might,
And strong in the truth, sin's citadel smite ;
In Christian Endeavor come, follow His cross,
Our mighty Defender will keep us from loss.

O, tell of His love ! His blood's crimson tide,
Whose throne there above, stands pledged to our side ;
And in loyalty true, our promises give,
His commandments to do, as long as we live.

When life's day is done, and death draweth nigh,
Before His bright sun, each shadow will fly ;
If He comes at daybreak, or in the dark night,
Let Him find us awake, as children of light.

THE FREEDOM OF CHRIST.

*“ There is a twilight dawning on the world,
The Herald of a full and perfect Day,
When Liberty’s wide flag shall be unfurled.”*

For freedom did Christ set us free.—GAL. V: 1.

I.

THE FREEDOM OF CHRIST.

The master passion of our age is liberty. This word serves the noblest and the basest of uses. Now it is the watchword of morality and religion; now the cry of license, corruption and greed. At one time it is inscribed on the banners of the nation emerging from feudalism into the broadest civilization, where unity and independence uphold the pillars of state; again it is the cry of consummate selfishness, clamoring under the white wing of freedom for absolute tyranny and greed.

Now it swells with the noblest spirit of consecration, treading in the pathway the Cross has shod with lustre for the feet of the generations. But hear it again! What muttered threat shaking

loose reigns on the wild steeds of anarchy does it breathe?

A great American says of it, "Its spirit is destructive and aimless; it is not loving. It has no ulterior and divine ends, but is destructive only out of hatred and selfishness." It is that spirit which here in America ignores faith and experience, saying, "We are a law unto ourselves. Let faith be demolished and the old foundations be overthrown."

But it is the devout thinker and scholar, gathering the experience of the past into a golden torch of wisdom, who illumines the present with light and the future with hope. For the highest individual freedom is not found in the liberty to do as one pleases, but in the liberty of the text: The Freedom for which Christ set us free. So I want to speak to you of that which lies at the foundation of all real social, and political progress, and moral and religious freedom.

What is the freedom of our text? Comprehensively, it is the liberty of faith, the liberty of love, of truth, of obedience. The grand need of our time is this—a positive faith in the great princi-

ples of the gospel, and the uplifting of these principles over every roadway of human activity.

Bondage to legal form and ceremony had laid its icy grasp on the Jew's religious life. Frozen unto death were his spiritual aspirations, quenched under petty routine and purile performance. The spirit was stupefied with the fumes of mint, anise, and cummin. Once they had possessed reality, but now soul and meaning had fled from the dry and dusty symbol, that evidenced no gigantic struggles, or divine yearnings. They lacked positiveness in accepting the teachings of their own Scriptures and spiritual earnestness in expressing their truths.

"They were held in bondage," Paul asserts, "under the rudiments of the world till Christ came." Then faith was revealed. Emancipation came by faith in the truth and love of God. "For we through the Spirit wait for the hope of righteousness by faith." Christ was that truth and love made manifest. So we may sing:

"Jesus, God's love, was crucified."

Faith in the incarnation, setting forth the fullness of God's relation to and affection for the race,

lifted men from servants to sons, and from bondage to liberty. "The truth," the Master said, "shall make you free." "And God sent forth the spirit of His son into our hearts," declares Paul, "crying Abba Father;" and as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God. For freedom did Christ set us free.

Notice then, that this freedom of faith has been a vital and life giving force in human progress. Freedom of thought, science and education, the betterment of social and political methods and results have followed in the train of that moral and spiritual liberty Christ uplifted for the vision of faith. If we read history aright we will see that it was really a religious faith that led forth the august procession of the ancient civilizations. And faith in the gospel has quickened all the great movements of modern progress. The belief of the earlier ages of Christianity was characterized by the utmost simplicity. It revolved around and centered in the Redeemer. The soul found its freedom through implicit obedience and absorption in him. We have been treated in our age to "Patent Christ Centric Theologies." The lives of the

earlier Christians were all Christ centric, their theology sprang from Him as its central luminary. It permeated the Pauls and Augustines and filtered downward into the masses of men.

Christ and religion were not divorced in intellectual conception. "For me to live is Christ," swept up to Heaven as the cry of many hearts. Over against the embodiment of truth in the "Supreme Event of History," was the voice of duty. To see the one, and obey the other was the resistless impulse of the devout soul.

The Church that wrote its hymns of praise, and decked the tombs of its dead, in the labyrinthian corridors of the catacombs, was steadfast and unmovable in its obedience to its head and led the way into the liberty of truth. The same implicit obedience and positiveness of belief lent sublimity to those mighty movements that such as the crusades, the reformation of the 16th century in England and Germany, and the rise of Methodism in Great Britain. It was obedience to the dictates of the gospel that has enriched with countless benefactions the common life. If any advantage has been gained by reformation or revolution it is

in this direction—the freedom of truth. “Liberty,” says a great American thinker, “is obedience.” Liberty of thought is the closest conformity of thought to truth; and civil liberty does not lie in anarchy but in perfect obedience to law.

Now this is just the freedom to which Christ directs. An Agassiz finds success by obeying the laws of nature. He studies her, by submitting to her own behests. Only in one way will she yield up her secrets. Over the gateway of the laboratory which holds her deeper life she writes: “Let none enter here who will not obey.” Obedience wins the highest physical perfection. Disobedience to the law of being has wrought all the havoc that degrades man’s moral world.

By obedience alone can the lost ground be recovered.

Leadership comes not simply from greatness of intellect, but from greatness of soul. The men who have been the world’s greatest leaders have been men of giant faith. They have believed in the truth and lost themselves in it. They have wrought marvels through obedience to the law of Christ. They have lost their life in Him to find it

again in their completed work. "The power of the Masters," says Ruskin, "is their self-annihilation," and he says also, that the power of painter or poet in describing rightly the ideal, depends on it not being an *ideal* but *real* to him. Such was the power of the great masters of religious reformation and spiritual thought. Faith led to self-annihilation. Christ was a reality not a theory.

Take away from our civilization the freedom of faith and the liberty of Christ, and what have we left? The best and the holiest, in the magnificent structure of our Christian age, have been won by those who have fought or labored in the inspiration of faith.

Who are they? Look at their mighty ranks. Behold the goodly fellowship and august companionship into which we are now come! They stand with transfigured eye around the form of the lowly Nazarene, acknowledging His Supremacy, and adoringly lay their gifts at His feet. There is Paul, "The life that I now live in the flesh," he exclaims in a flow of exulting *abandon*, "I live through faith in the Son of God." There is Polycarp, who gladly led the way into martyr-

dom for Jesus' sake. There is Augustine who saw all souls blest in the love of Jesus. There is Chrysostom, learning eloquence from His lips and indefatigable endurance from His life. There is Saint Bernard, all aflame with a passion for holiness. There is Luther, learning boldness of speech from His lips. There is Calvin, kindling the fires of civil liberty, because He came to set men free. There is Howard, carrying the torch of hope into the prison-house, in imitation of Him. And there too stand fast in the faith the innumerable host of the known and the unknown, who on boundless plain or in lonely valley have told the story of the Cross in our own age. As well attempt to pluck Orion and Arcturus from their courses as to ignore the benefactions that have come to our times from those who through faith have stood fast in the liberty of Christ.

All the more clearly appears our argument from the material blight that has come with the collapse of faith. It is the age of pre-eminent faith that has stretched out its hands in benediction to the future. "What greater calamity can befall a nation," wrote the Sage of Concord, "than loss of

worship. Then all things go to decay." When Rome was young it was faith in purity and religion that helped her smite her way into empire. Gibbon meditating on the steps of the Roman Capitol might have found the most potent reason for the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire in the fact that she had lost all faith. She was without God and without hope in the world. The life blood of Rome oozed from the gaping wounds of her dying gladiators.

"Better, a thousand-fold better," you say, remembering the abominations that the pages of Horace, Tacitus and Juvenal reveal, "the furious scourge of Goth and Hun and barbarian iconoclasts than these seething exhalations from the bottomless pit." "This was the product of a material civilization," says a great English historian, and his words should come with momentous weight to us in Ohio, in the very heart of this republic, so vast in its material aggrandisement. "This was the product of a material civilization with no fear of God in the middle of it; the final outcome of wealth, art and culture raised aloft for all ages to look upon."

Loss of faith in religion means loss of manhood, loss of liberty, loss of civilization.

“What,” we may ask, “does our age say to this faith?” Are her liberties and her hopes founded upon it? Remembering the faith of a past age, and calling to mind the days of martyrdom and Christian chivalry, our age seems to many a dull prosaic time, given to mean economies and gross materialism, and utterly lacking in faith. It is certainly a strange time. The like the world never saw. In the throes that shake the nations paradoxes abound. The end of all seems near. Look at the facts in political, social, scientific and religious development. They are bewildering enough to wise thinkers. From the same series of facts good men draw the most opposite conclusions. To some all is good; to others all is bad. The mists and damps of Agnosticism breathe through literature and rest upon society.

It is true that in certain quarters the cry goes up: “Give us the dainty comforts science affords; let nature be our religion; give us the abundant harvest, and improved appliances to garner it; delight us with art; soothe us with

music; let the cunning inventor yoke for us the steam and the lightning to the winged car, and bring the products and news of all climes to our doors, and we will gladly forego the faith that Paul preached, and let Christ enjoy His own liberty. We will take our ease and be merry."

Yet another characteristic that marks our times is a spirit of restless inquiry in science and religion. Men have been busy studying the *Revelation* of nature. Here they find law following unerring law; everything fitted into its place, and knowing it. Is it surprising that, occupied with the wonders of the created, they have been too absorbed to remember the Creator? Second causes have blinded the eyes and stultified the mind to the first great cause. The processes by which the Hand divine works, have veiled, sometimes, the omnipotent Hand itself. And this same Spirit has invaded religion. In trying to bring down the great facts of religion to the common life and daily needs of men, God has been lost in dealing with His precepts. The simple faith of the past is gone. God is shoved aside. Philosophies are recast; creeds restated; theologies readjusted.

Many of the spiritual descendants of Paul and Luther in their zeal for liberty of thought almost forget the source of all Christian liberty—obedient faith in the personal Christ.

But looking at discouragements will not increase hope. The more we strain our vision at the mists of doubt the darker they grow. A traveler gliding down towards the mouth of the noble Hudson, when fog rests on the east bank of the river, seeks to pierce the fog with the finest field glass at his command. But, alas! he is not better, but worse off. There is more fog than ever. He cannot see as well as with the naked eye. For the glass *magnifies the intervening fog*. But if he would see the glories of nature let him turn where the west offers no obstruction to his vision.

Let us look at the brighter picture. It is not true to say that ours is a dead or formal age, though in some quarters the decay of faith is marked by formalism. But the spirit of heroism and unselfish devotion to great ends, that has characterized noble men of our times, show that we vie with the ages of chivalry or the spirit of the martyrs. Where will you find more romance

than in the lives of some of our devotees of science?

Do you look for the spirit of the martyrs? Find it in the lives willingly sacrificed under the cross of Jesus for the salvation of men. Have not China, Mexico, Madagascar and the islands of the sea been red with the blood of the faithful in this century? Did Polycarp or Latimer do more?

Witness David Livingstone dying alone in the heart of Africa on bended knees! Behold the spirit of adventure and discovery for great ends displayed by a Stanley! See the Dark Continent open for civilization and evangelization. When did the banner of the Cross carried by zealous missionaries look over more mountain-peaks or gleam down more valleys than to-day? In a past generation Lamartine, the gifted French traveler, standing in the great Christian city of London, was amazed "at its vast wealth and its magnificent and multitudinous philanthropic institutions" the offspring of religion. Visit the great cities of America that were nameless then. Lo! How the Christian faith looks down upon you, triumphant from numerous and largely endowed charities!

Surely this is not a dead or prosaic age. The church is standing steadfast. She is re-echoing Paul to-day, "for freedom did Christ set us free."

One of our poets has caught the spirit of the Church when he writes :

" Unmeasured and unlimited.
With noiseless slide of stone to stone,
The mystic Church of God has grown ;
Invisible and silent stands
The temple never built with hands."

And from this invisible temple comes the call to the visible Church to faith, obedience and liberty.

We recognize truly that we live in a wonderful transition time. All things are reaching out to a better, when men shall be wiser, and Faith lift her wing from a loftier vantage ground. But it will not satisfy all earnest men to say there is a better time coming. The faith that seeks the liberty of Christ is restless for full activity. It asks, with eye bent on the loving Redeemer, What is the great need of our times? Can religion do more than it does? We may need the regeneration of philosophy, a more active statement of creed, and the reformation of scientific theology

worked out in the crucibles of our great thinkers. But we do not need these things so much as we need better *Christians*.

We cannot have a better Redeemer. If telling the world what we ought to believe would do it, the Church would be an incandescent heat of subjective activity.

We need to bring religion down from ballooning among the misty deeps of metaphysical speculation, to those things which lie closest to the common life. Let our faith cling tenaciously and obediently to the truths, duties and affections Christ has made ever present and permanent. Remembering that God is permanent, truth is permanent and duty is permanent, let us bind the Bible to our brows and go forward into that universal brotherhood and largeness of life it is the glory of the Gospel to reveal.

To most thinking men, it will not be enough to say comprehensively, "Do these things." If the Church, strong in faith, was standing steadfast in the liberty of the Gospel, think you so many Christians would be too absorbed in pleasure or money-making, to make the Church

a power in correcting the glaring evils of our time?

But it does not satisfy good men to simply say, There is a good time coming, and one day Christ will reign supreme, and sin be vanquished. The faith that fixes its eye on the Redeemer is restless for large activity.

The Christian leadership that will really lead, must have its enthusiasm for humanity kindled before the cross at the feet of Jesus. Taught by the open Book it has a clear conception of humanity as divine and man as the child of God. It beholds, that, the ultimate fact of man's existence is God in him the hope of glory, and the ultimate truth, from which all other truths take form and color, is, that man is intrinsically pure, and noble and strong. All else is blurr, blot and mistake and ruin. Christ in man means freedom from sin and wrong, and obedience to righteousness; and righteousness is peace and quietness and assurance forever.

We need the regeneration of philosophy, bringing it to the feet of Christ, and learning of Him whose life is the centre of all existence, the cause

and immanent force of all natural and spiritual law; we need a more exact, simple and Scriptural statement of doctrine, where the voice of Christ shall be paramount, before whose changeless thought, all human expression is but as a passing cloud over the changeless blue of a summer sky, that catches its sole radiance from the shining sun.

The dead hand of the ages cannot bind the belief of to-day, or the gaunt skeleton of a hundred years ago flaunt an adopting act with awful menace into the face of the living Church and say, "Thou shalt not move." We need the reformation of scientific theology worked out in the crucibles of our greatest thinkers. But we do not need these things so much as we need better Christians in the Church to-day. So much as the Church needs to live up to the essential doctrines she believes with all her might, and,

" So let our lips and lives express,
The holy doctrines we profess."

So much as we need to be led forth into the perfect obedience to Christ. The Church needs nearness to the Redeemer. But if this gospel is fol-

lowed into the freedom of Christ, it will mean the transformation of society, business, political economy, and the opinions and customs now prevalent in the world; the absolute dominion of the heart and mind of Christ over humanity; the reign of love, the sway of universal brotherhood.

Cannon Farrar, speaking of the responsibilities of America, said they were "To combine the past and the present; the old and the new; to lead the nations of the world in the path of temperance, as we have led you in the path of emancipation; to be the torch-bearers of our lagging moral consciences, and by judicious laws to help us and all the world to get rid of that evil, intemperance, the miseries from which Gladstone said are greater than war, famine and pestilence combined; to establish a pure and righteous press; to neutralize the evil done by the recitation of every petty detail of vice and crime all over the world; to heal the insatiable greed for intrusive personalities; to guard the ideal of true freedom, and to see that this people does not confound liberty with license; and to keep a true equilibrium between freedom and advance."

The redemption of Christ is to save the men now as well as to redeem that blood-washed throng, that fill with reflected splendor the heaven of God. The spirit of Jesus Christ, who gave himself to death for a lost world is to be the spirit of His church and His people.

Absorbed in His mind and heart, with His blood-red hand resting upon us, let us join that mighty company who in the liberty of faith, love, truth and obedience, beneath the uplifted Cross, and with the open Bible in extended palms, have pressed on in "The freedom for which Christ has set us free," rich in enthusiasm and hope for the lofty possibilities of the race.

The years come slow, the tares grow strong,
Faith falters and is dumb;
But God's time is the harvest time,
And that will surely come.

PHYSICIAN AND CITIZEN.

*“Let all the ends, thou aim’st at, be thy country’s,
Thy God’s; and truth’s.”*

The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

MARK x:45.

Physicians of all men are most happy.

QUARLES.

II.

PHYSICIAN AND CITIZEN.

Every professional man is more or less aware of the popular distrust in which the courage, sagacity and unselfishness of his class are held. "The quack and the demagogue, or at least the self-made man, are good enough for us," shouts the crowd. "Franklin, Greeley, Lincoln, champion our cause"—as though these famous men did not seek to repair the gaps of a defective education by the most patient study and research. Dr. Cure-all-Quick, with his soft soap and his nostrums at five dollars per bottle, to be dispatched in three days—no less than ten bottles warranted to cure—is preferred before the patient student treading in the pathway of experience.

The scholar appealing to his books is laughed to scorn; yet the scholar, gathering the experience

of the past in a golden sheaf of wisdom, lights the torch of progress, and is the conserving force of liberty. The pedestal upon which stands the real Liberty, of which Bartholdi's Liberty is only the symbol, was built through long centuries of patient study. There has been put into it by thinkers, learners, and lovers of their kind, those principles of law, justice, exchange and brotherhood, gleaned in historic mines and on the fields of truth, which permeate the economy of the civilized world. On *this* stands the liberty we enjoy. Such a statue as that erected on Bedloe's Island would have been a caricature in the Middle Ages. But, like the yeast in the dough, liberty has been at work, and the world is a much better place to live in than it ever was.

Yet the demagogue shouts, "Away with your experience; we live in a phenomenal age; what has America to do with experience?"

Voltaire, insulted by a London mob, turned on the steps of his hotel and complimented them on their glorious constitution and love of liberty. The stupid crowd did not see the covert sarcasm. Commenting on this incident, "When I hear,"

says George William Curtis, "that America may scorn experience because she is a law unto herself, I remember the remark made a few years ago by a foreign observer in our city of Washington, 'I did not fully comprehend your greatness until I saw your Congress. Then I felt that if you could stand that you could stand anything, and I understood the saying, that God takes care of children, drunken men, and the United States.'"

Our professional and educated classes are denounced as cowards and mammon-worshippers. According to Mr. Tennyson, we are the heirs of all ages. So humanity falls as often among thieves as among the good Samaritans. Lucy Parsons and Gladstone are the opposite poles of civilization. There are great evils to be cured and gigantic wrongs to be righted; but the "We must live" doctrine is too often omnipotent. There is need of caution. Whatever else a man is, in this land (unless he be a reprobate), Christian, pagan, lawyer, doctor, minister, artisan, haberdasher, he must be a citizen. You cannot separate the man and the citizen. The mighty problems that cast their shadow on the future await solution.

They are in the realm of civil polity, law, ethics, and economics. As the Church too often leaves the rescuing of the seething masses in our great cities to ill-formed ranters and Salvation Army tactics, so the educated, scientific and professional leave the temperance problem in the hands of fanatics. To attack the wholesale nicotine poisoning of the race is not popular. It might lose a fee.

Look at the problems that face us: the social question, the just relations of capital and labor, the distribution of land, restraining the towering power of corporate wealth with its opportunities of gigantic corruption. Already the morning gun has sounded on all these great issues. The Lexington and Concord have been fought with the rattling musketry of the minute men, and the broad day conflict of Bunker Hill, which shall be but the beginning of the end of a larger liberty and prosperity, is resounding through the land, and destined to break the shackles forged by the power of the tyrant more vindictive than George III.

The demand of the country is for high wisdom and ripe culture—not simply æsthetic taste.

The physician, above all men, should seek a symmetrical life, physically, intellectually and morally. He should cultivate a habit of mind with steadfast reference to equity founded in nature, purity and public advantage. A man must be greater than his profession or his talents. "The purest literary talent," says Emerson, "appears at one time great, at another time small, but *character* is of a stella and undiminishable greatness." This is what made Lord Chatham, as he stood at the head of the English nation, organizing her victories on sea and land, and told their story to the British parliament, glow with the form of Britain's self; the roar of British guns and the shout of British victory reverberated in his eloquence, and men felt that there was something grander about the man than anything he said. It was *character*.

You will need all the powers of mind and soul to adorn the profession of medicine. It is through the sterling qualities of an exalted manhood that confidence is won. Let the community respect—because it cannot help it—the man—they will have confidence in the profession.

Manhood is enshrined in a setting of pure gold, humility and patriotism—it incarnates liberty, truth, time, space, love, thought, faith and action. The notion that the professional life is broad and high, vibrating to the real needs of men, does not mean that the physician is a jack-at-all-trades and proficient in none. “He is a learned man,” says old Parson Einmons, of New England, “who understands one subject, and a *very* learned man who understands two.”

The life at which I hint but concentrates itself in the professional career, and makes it luminous by the solarity of its innate fires.

This is an age of specialists. “It takes fourteen years,” says Mitscherlich, “to establish a new fact in chemistry.” “The highest genius,” Dr. Holmes cautions his students, “cannot afford to forget the ancient precept, *Divide et impera.*”

The man who would reach the highest must forego often the present dollar. The stamp of limitation on our individuality can never be erased. Providence and law handle us roughly. Nature is no sentimentalist. She never appears with the smirk and bow of the dancing master be-

fore our reverences, but rudely shoves us into the world, and then pushes us without ceremony into our places when we get here. Although the flash of the imagination and the delicate wit of that scholar may be received with becoming reserve who said, "With high magnifiers Dr. Carpenter might come to distinguish in the embryo, at the fourth day, this is a Whig, that a Free Soiler."

Yet I can conjure up no limitations that can by any possibility make it good manners or good morals for a man to be any thing less than a man and a citizen in this age and republic.

Medicine, on its natural history side, is called a science, on its healing side, an art. We study pathology but to understand the meaning of therapeutics. It is to be pursued with that devotion and enthusiasm that science and art demand in their successful votaries. There is no better way to secure this needed enthusiasm than to keep constantly in mind the great qualities and achievements of the forerunners in the profession.

Remember those who have become great in the past or in the present, as practitioners, devotees of science, or in the cultivation of the humanities.

Says a famous countryman : " I can not hear of personal vigor of any kind, great power of performance, without fresh resolution." The study of history and biography stimulates us to the possession of great traits ourselves, and conduces to this end. They promote love, enthusiasm, and the genius of hard work, which, more than all else, is the watchword and golden key that opens the path of success.

Longfellow never sang a truer note, if he did a sweeter, than when he wrote :

" The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

For it is true in our own time that : " The average Britons reverence pedigree ; the average Americans, performance ; the highest Britons, ancestry ; the highest Americans, achievement."

The *art of medicine* must, then, be pursued with a *lofty motive*. Its object is not simply to live and make money. That pretended physician will not secure lasting success who simply cultivates the art for what he can make out of it. Charlatan, or quack, like Paracelsus, he would bargain with a

sick man, with the dread of death upon him, for a good round sum, as the price of condescending to take the case. There are already too many such men in all walks in life, whose *summum bonum* of existence and philosophy is "We must live."

The clergyman of a certain village observed a man unknown to him, as he went his rounds.

"Who are you, sir?" was his pertinent query.

"I am the village rat catcher," was the reply.

"And, pray, who are you, sir?"

"I am the village clergyman."

"Humph," replied his majesty, the rat catcher, "'spose every feller must git a livin' some how."

When those that affect the welfare of humanity are actuated by no higher purpose, the priest and the Levite play into the hands of Jericho's bandits, and their alleged reason for existence is good cause to clap on the extinguishers.

The physician should fall in love with his art, and live for it, however distressing some of the details of its practice may be. Let John Hunter's patience and enthusiasm inspire you, gentlemen.

The great question to settle first of all is, "Is

the healing art worth cultivating by a man?" Is it worth while for myself and for humanity?

Your famous Dr. Dana has written a book to, in part, answer the query, "Is human life worth saving?" Is it worth while for a Jenner or a Harvey to spend a laborious lifetime to try and fortify men against the germs of a few diseases, when the majority of men are doing pretty much their best to invite disease and degenerate the race?

"Jenner indulged in the delightful imagination," says Russell in his "Heroes of Medicine," "that vaccination would eradicate small pox." A little farther on he writes: "Jenner spoke the truth when he said that vaccination *could* eradicate small pox." But alas, for the perversity and stupidity of human nature!

How vast the achievements of medicine in prolonging and ameliorating the sufferings of human life! The average duration of life in England in the sixteenth century was only eighteen years, now it is forty-one. And this extension of longevity may be traced directly to the forefending of disease by the wisdom, laws, precepts and vigilance of the healing art.

In 1729 three out of every four children died before the age of five years. Now, outside of the densely packed cities, where the conditions for infant life are most unfavorable, only thirty per cent. of all deaths occur under the age of five. And in the realm of surgical science we are told that similar encouraging results have been reached. But there is a shadow to the picture. The dark side is in the fact that, while medicinal, surgical and sanitary measures are increasing life, and reducing the fatality of acute diseases, there is, notwithstanding this life-saving, and really because of it, "a steady increase in the proportionate number of the defective, the dependent, the chronic invalid, and degenerate classes."

Nervous diseases, those of heart and lung, says our statistician, are increasing. In most countries the insane, idiotic, deaf mutes, inebriates and the criminals, are in much greater proportion to the population than they were forty or fifty years ago. The race is being filled with taint, defect, with moral and physical virus. Statistics of suicides and crimes through intemperance are familiar to us all. In view of all these facts what can be said

in answer to the question, "Is life worth living?" It is a question. Viewed from the material and humanitarian standpoint, is it worth while for the recipients of these philanthropic efforts; does it pay for those who have to bear the burdens?

The purveyors of modern science, thought and philosophy in our periodical literature, and in many books, use the term "ethical uncertainty" to express the peculiar flavor that the age has taken to itself.

Two men were in a hen-house. It was night. Even in Ohio their business may be suspected. One held the bag, the other secured the fowl. Said the first to the bag-holder:

"Do you think it is right for us to be in here taking these chickens?"

"Well, Samuel," was the reply, "that's a great moral question; we haven't time to discuss it now. Please pass down another pullet."

We daily read that this is an age of moral disruption. The educated classes have lost confidence in the old foundations, and the masses are becoming divorced from morals and moral teaching. But there is no time to discuss great moral

questions while the chickens are being bagged.

According to these Delphic oracles everything that is moral has long since been discredited.

The president of the municipal council of Paris opposed, some time since, the introduction of any teaching of morals in the public schools, on the ground that there is no *system* of morals. "What is right in one place is wrong in another." In short, circumstances and conditions make morals.

A learned wit has written a life of Robert Burns, in which he regards his drunkenness and incontinence as the least objectionable of his faults.

Then the burglar who pleaded the money and time invested in his business and his expertness as palliatives was, perhaps, on the right track. Prince Krapotkine teaches in his book, that all crime and moral evil are the direct result of law. His panacea is the destruction of law, and then—freedom. All of which are specimens of the "ethical uncertainty" of the times. And there is a recent prophet in the field. He says:

"A scientific foundation for ethics is rapidly becoming a moral necessity, without which a moral interregnum impends. The old moral and

theological systems are moribund. In place of the supernatural, people seek a code of natural ethics."

What is this natural ethics to which we are directed? To illustrate: The amoeba, a curious bit of gelatin, breaks in two, and the two pieces turn and attempt to devour each other. The parent tries to eat the child, and the child to swallow the parent. You look on with your natural sympathies at the sight. There is attack and resistance. You feel that there is a sense of right and wrong—just the germ of such a sense being developed there. How can you help feeling it? The one that is devouring feels that it is doing right, the one that is being devoured feels that it is wronged. Here at once is the sense of right and wrong. You feel this same sense up to the highest development of animal life. Life is a struggle, a fight. The strongest survives. Science says the fittest. But it is always the same thing. The inferior must yield up the ghost. The eaten always feels he is wronged. The successful one does not see it in that way at all. This is natural ethics, ladies and gentlemen. Right and wrong are relative, not absolute. What is good to one is not at all

good to another. "Ethical uncertainty." No wonder that some lean to the opinion that hospitals and philanthropies are all a mistake. It is all right for me to break the eighth commandment, but if you do it, look out.

So, the age affords us the delightful ethical uncertainties, monism, agnosticism, naturalism, nihilism, anarchism. The strongest only is fit to survive. This is good natural ethics.

Realism and the sordidly practical spirit of the age must inevitably ask: "Is any human life worth saving that does not promise to add something to the material progress of the race?" A world that considers man's life as "simply a magnificent efflorescence of protoplasm," which measures life by wealth and honors, can hardly set a very high value on those who through physical or mental loss are incapable of doing their part in the way of making themselves useful to mankind.

If a man is only an animal, the sooner the sick, aged, insane and infirm are hurried out of the world, the better for themselves and for the rest of the race. This is the conclusion to which

natural ethics and materialism inevitably tend.

Abstract the idea of immortality from the beliefs of mankind, and absolutely nothing is left on which reason can build the structures of philanthropy and charity.

Social culture and the religion of humanity must alike reject in the end, if consistent with themselves, all who can not add something to the material progress of the race. Not so with the life of man viewed from the standpoint of Christianity.

Shelley, who was far from a devout believer, could sing :

“ The one remains, the many change and pass ;
Heaven’s light forever shines, Earth’s shadows fly ;
Life, like a dome of many colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity,
Until death tramples it to fragments.”

And it is then, says its revelation, when the scaffolding falls away, that the imperious structure of the spirit rises. And “ life is worth saving, because it represents something divine and immortal.” It ought to be saved and cared for at any cost. Christianity would eliminate from the race its defective members by eliminating from

the world ignorance, sin, wrong and defection.

Then, as passionate devotees of the sublime art of healing, much of your task will be :

To expel ignorance and her twin sister, superstition.

To discover and illuminate law. Not to put the legend *Mos pro lege* in place of the supreme sceptre.

To keep constantly before yourselves and others the ideal humanity, when science, having swept the whole realm of suffering and disease, shall have routed every microbe, and given into the hand of the healing art the invincible Excalibar, that shall defend from all attacks.

Intelligence on other themes, even great learning in certain directions, is no guarantee of invulnerability from the attacks of ignorance and superstition, as the adherents of the craze of the Weapon Ointment, the Metallic Tractors, and the Tarwater cure, and a host of other manias and minor foibles attest. To Bishop Berkley was ascribed in dead earnest by many of his admirers, "Every virtue under heaven." It was he who wrote a treatise on the Virtues of Tarwater.

Dr. Holmes says of him : " He was an illustrious man, but he held two very odd opinions, that tar-water was everything, and that the whole material universe was nothing."

It will fall to your lot to help to rid the world of the stagnation and nightmare of superstition.

More and more must men recognize the impress of law upon all life, celestial and terrestrial. Emphatically is this so in pathology and its noble handmaid therapeutics.

" All that simple observation and experience can determine," says Oesterlens, " and nearly all that has yet been established in medical science, amounts to this : That certain things occur in a definite manner and order." That in short law governs the process of disease and also the process of cure.

And in the development of pathological science my faith is—the time is to come when the whole circle of pathology shall be so perfectly surveyed by the searching eyes of science that for every cry of need the winged angel of Therapeutics will hasten with her specific swift and sure. Cures will not then be lame or imperfect. And the witty

Travers, or one like him, will no longer be able to point a moral or adorn a tale in the fashion described to him. Meeting a fellow-stammerer on the street, he asked, "Why d-d-don't y-you g-g-get c-c-cured?" "Ca-c-ant d-d-do it," was the reply. "G-go to Dr. —, he c-c-c-cured me."

And more than this, the germs of disease shall be slain in their nests, and the physician's business shall be to keep his patient well.

The physician should have high ideas of the possible and actual good in humanity.

Doctor Jackson, a great New England physician, wrote of himself:

"I have striven to see the good points in the characters of all men and women." And the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table says of him: "He had an earnest desire to promote the welfare of all mankind." And just here, in his enthusiastic love for humanity, its rights, duties, liberties, progress, comes the physician's relation to the community and the republic, as a citizen.

You need not be ashamed, gentlemen, to point to the record of the men of your profession. It is such men as the Harveys, the Sydenhams, the

Jenners, the Warrens, the Howes, men from your ranks, who have kept the white plume of Navarre flashing in the van of battle, where the conflict for human good or political liberty was being waged.

As far back as the thirteenth century, in those free Italian municipalities that far outstripped the rest of the world in intelligence, wealth, culture and power, we find the physicians taking active part in the social and political formations and transformations of the age. After the battle of Tagliocozzo, and Charles of Anjou subjected the Sicilians to the sufferings of an intolerable French rule, it was a wise and patriotic physician who planned the liberation of his country. And Dr. Proceda, of the thirteenth, deserves a place beside the lofty promoters of Italian unity in the nineteenth century; the statesman Mazzini, the soldier Garibaldi, Verdi, the composer, who swept up the shining heights of song, to find fresh inspiration for his patriotism.

But we need not go to other lands or times. We, too, have our heroes of medicine, who have been equally heroes in the allegiance to their

country's welfare. This nation, under God, has survived the perils of its morning and the noon-tide throes of internecine war, whose seismic shocks threatened disintegration. But we are still in the process of nation making. The outlook as it reaches the horizon is not without its ominous clouds. The question confronts us: with the multitudes of the dependent, the imbecile, and the criminal classes, increasing, can the tendencies to degeneracy and disintegration be thwarted, citizenship exalted and the republic perpetuated?

"Patriotism is allied to philosophy," says Seward, "and inseparable from benevolence." Just as fixed and revealed laws operate in the science of medicine, so in nation making God's providence and will operate by certain determined and open laws.

As we read Carnegie's book; or "Our Country," by Dr. Strong, we seem to traverse the enchanted corridors of the Arabian Nights'. But where shall we seek the influences for so gigantic and arduous a task as ours?

"The Promethean fire," writes one of our great statesmen, "is ever to be rekindled at the domes-

tic fireside and humble school where the American citizen is trained." We need men of clear heads and sound wisdom to lead in this task. Citizens who shall possess the character to lead citizens. "Men of character," says the sage of Concord, "are the conscience of the society to which they belong." Such men tell their brethren what they ought to think and do. Here is the secret of citizenship. It lies with the patriot, not with the demagogue. It lies with a Garfield, not a Ben. Butler; with a Lincoln, not a Jefferson Davis; a Sumner, not a Denis Kearney; a Prof. Ely, not a Dr. Aveling, (who, like some other great apostles, is ready to sacrifice himself for fifty cents a head, seven nights in the week, on the lecture platform.)

In great crises it is thinking as others think and appealing to the heart and mind of the nation that makes the great man. When Abraham Lincoln stood at Gettysburg and declared the new birth of liberty that had come to this nation, he represented the constructive and conservative force of a great people, and as he forecast the future of the citizen's government, his form dilated with the majesty of the Republic and his eloquence reverber-

ated to every nook and corner of the land. He spoke for the people and to the people.

"This is a glorious day," cried Samuel Adams, with a price set upon his neck. "*Decus et decorum est*," gaily shouted the young physician Warren, as he rushed to his death at Bunker Hill.

Such men inspire their followers with their sublime enthusiasm, and are invincible factors in our national life. They counsel patient waiting, and freedom from servility to wrong headed majorities. You and such as you, gentlemen, who can bring law and experience to bear upon the solution of the social and political problems of our time, know the need of patience and can enforce its teachings with the power of authority.

It was at Lookout Mountain that the officers grew impatient because the reserves did not appear on the scene of battle, and cried to General Thomas, "The day is lost." "Patience, gentlemen; give the boys time," replied the intrepid commander. And the brave boys came in time and the day was won.

It is this voice that scourges the demagogue and quack and points out their fallacies. "God is

with the majority," cries the mob. "*Vox populi, vox Dei,*" foams the stump. But experience teaches that a crowd is not wiser than the wisest man in it. History recalls the experience of Galileo, Copernicus, Bacon, Harvey, Jenner, as they planted themselves upon the rock of truth and moved not at the yells of ignorance and superstition. The voice of the people in London pronounced against street lamps, and declared inoculation wicked. The voice of the people cried "Crucify Him, crucify Him." "God is on the side of the biggest gun, the strongest fort, the biggest crowd," yells the party swindler and the charlatan. "No," says the impartial voice of history. God was with the one man on the cross, not with the multitude; with the exiled pilgrims, not with Laud and the hierarchy of Westminster; with Washington, not with George III.; with the Huguenots, not the king that massacred and exiled them; with Galileo, not with the prelacy; with Jenner and inoculation, not with the London mob.

Still farther, it is the educated and thoughtful citizen that shall limit and control the rightful in-

fluence of ignorant and false majorities. He it is that so moulds public opinion on all questions that at the first opportunity it bursts into the more than Amphion music that levels the Theban walls of ignorance and slavery. It is the men who believe that at the heart the nation is right and humanity is right, and will hear the truth, who win the day. So your art and your patriotism alike summon you to great achievements, to impress the solar radiance of true character upon the age.

You may be recreant to your trust and incur the contempt of the world for you and your class. When DeQuincy met Dr. Parr, he described him as a lipping scandal monger, whose conversation was not fit for washerwomen to indulge in. Sir Thomas Brown, while great civil commotions were shaking England, sat apart, with no glimmer of patriotism, polishing the conceits of the *Burial Urn*, and the long drawn music of the *Religio de Medici*. Erasmus, Brown, Goethe, have won for themselves the epithets of scholarly and literary pedants, who prefer voluptuous ease to practical devotion to humanity. But we need to remember what has been repeated again and

again since Coleridge said to Washington Alston, "We are not to judge a work of art by its defects." We are not to judge a class, a profession or a nation by its defects.

Sound minds in sound bodies will make sound citizens. What imperils the one must impair the other. It is your task to declare unflinchingly the law of life and the dicta of experience. Stand, if need be, in the minority with God and right. For after all God has so made this world that it really pays to do right.

In this republic to which the Englishman brings his grit, sense and dominion; the German his profound learning and endless capacity for downright hardwork; the Frenchman his clear vision and enthusiasm; the Yankee his invention, wit and enterprise, it is my faith there is to be fused and molded a man—the distinctively American type—the latest and best creation of God—the ideal citizen. And he shall solve in himself and through himself the meaning of that mystic trio: Liberty, fraternity, equality.

To us is given the privilege of uplifting into the rainbow of our free institutions the best character-

istics in the old world life, and to transfix them in enduring splendor.

Gentlemen of Starling; physicians, citizens, your sublime art and your country have but one altar, and one sacrifice, and that altar is dedicated to humanity.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

*“ Know well, my soul, God’s hand controls
Whate’er thou fearest ;
Round Him in calmest music rolls
Whate’er thou hearest.”*

The law of the wise is a fountain of life.

PROV. XIII:14.

III.

“THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.”

On a massive piece of chalcedony in Ruskin's study is inscribed the motto, which has been his inspiration in a life of rare literary success and moral influence, "To-day." As we gaze at that one word the great Master's emphatic utterance rushes upon us, "I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; for the night cometh when no man can work." We stand before life's maze. What clew will unravel for us its mystery? What is its meaning? The secret of its success or failure lies in that word, To-day.

Prosperity is a flower of the soul itself, not the attribute of external relations. "The law of the wise," says Solomon, "is a fountain of life." This law, springing from the heart of God is the meas-

ure of life. Obedience to it is the real making of manhood. Collaterals cannot usurp character, however much men have sought to make them do so. Finding the law of being unravels for us the problem of how to live. Christ came to lift nature before men and to uphold the imperative majesty of law. For when we say nature, as we apply the word to men and things alike, we can mean nothing less than the august law that governs existence. As of the physical so of the moral life of man "the law of the wise is a fountain of life."

Obedience to law is the origin of growth. We read of the divine man that he was subject to his parents, and learned first of all obedience, and found through submission the royal road to mastery. It is in submitting to the law of being, in the physical, intellectual or moral world, that the law becomes unto man the fountain of life.

We live in a strangely contradictory age. On the one hand the natural scientists proclaim loudly the invincible reign of law; on the other hand in his civil, moral and social relations to his fellows, man asserts the supremacy of his own will, with a bull dog tenacity, thinking apparently that per-

sonal liberty and the will to do as I please are synonomous. It is the invisible force that is the most potent factor in the visible life.

The art worker must submit to a law, hard to obey, but without which is no success. So nature has written before the portals whose folds hide her most majestic triumphs, "Obey." The domain of law in the physical realm is apparent to a novice. Man is the only creature who wantonly violates the law of being, and with energy of purpose deviates from the path of right. There are secret powers that shape nature. These forces are operative in man's life. It is true that both the religious and material sphere are under the guidance of law.

Everywhere young men are seeking success in the vocations of life. But we are taught to-night that success must belong to the man first, before it can be transferred to his work.

What is success? It has come to pass that our great cities are thronged with charioteers, rushing onward in din, hurry, passions and tireless enthusiasm, captivated by the prizes that flaunt themselves before the eyes of the racers. Every day

the trumpet sounds and the lists are opened for the contestants. Yet how many that start out with every promise of victory, limp shamed face into obscurity, or are swallowed up in the dust and corruption of the conflict. If a man strive for masteries, yet is he not crowned, except he strive lawfully. Let us ask ourselves, What is success? Whence comes its laurels? Success lies first of all in the quality of life's purpose. It is the soul's aim. Ela sings :

“ To win and to wear, to have and to hold,
Is the burden of dream and of prayer,
The hope of the young and the hope of the old,
The prize of the strong and the fair.
All dream of some guerdon: life's labor to bless;
All winning that guerdon, have named it Success.”

Yet how paltry is much of that so named. Success is not in wealth, intellectual achievements, or the adulations of fame. Men have put their hearts in these things only to find that they were in the toils of a master of pitiless cruelty. Success is not written on the back of bank bills. No tirade against money, however, will avail. It is not money, but the love of it that is an evil. It is a means to useful ends. The foolish see in it the sum of earthly happiness.

A man who had all these, wealth, rank and literary fame in the bitterness of his heart could write :

“ My days are in the yellow leaf,
The fruits and flowers of love are gone.
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone.”

What is success? Submission to the law that is a fountain of life. Doing our best each day. Entering the open door of opportunity day by day. Success is the use of to-day. It was Garfield who said, “ I have always followed my convictions at whatever cost to myself.”

The elements that make for success in daily pursuits are concentration and work. Self-reliance springing from reliance on the Divine. Let him that ministers at this altar, or that, set up in the great cathedral of human industries, wait on his ministering. Failure has marked the path of many a life squandered in trying to spread over too large a surface. Keeping to one aim and making all else converge to that pursuit cannot fail to give more or less success to him who is steadfast and unmovable.

The wise professional man lays all life and lit-

erature under contribution to him, but he does it to make the treasures, that he discovers in his many excursion into this or that realm of literature or science, contribute to the chosen occupation of his life. Thus while he knows many things, he knows with the fiery ardor of his heart and mind, one thing.

Work is the law of success. Luck does not bring golden dower to many in this world, but doing one's best each day. Enter the open door of opportunity. When a young man this is what Dr. Miner told me: "How will you ever do anything unless you take what the Lord sends, and go in the door that opens."

Francis Campbell was a blind man. Yet he became a distinguished musician, mathematician and philanthropist. Laura Bridgman became one of the foremost women of America. Here is a hint of capacity and opportunity. We can only improve according to the line of capacity. Ex-Governor Dingley, of Maine, gives as the requisites of success; character, industry, perseverance. Take what comes to hand. Despise not to-day, waiting for what to-morrow may possibly cast up

to our feet. Make the greatest effort—it leads nearer the ultimate goal, if our lives are guided by law.

You want to know what makes the difference between men? The unsuccessful physician asked a successful one who had been his equal in college, "What is the secret of your success? I promised quite as well in life as you, but you have won and I am still at the foot of the ladder." Said the man of success, "Look out of my office window and tell me which of the people going by you would like to have for patients." "Well, I wouldn't like to have that one, or that one." "There is a man you would like? there is a woman?" "Yes." "But you see you want only what you call nice people for patients. About two persons in twenty, as men run, will satisfy your fastidiousness. I want the people. I take the other eighteen as well." That is the difference between the victor and the defeated.

Many, it is true, have had success in life's callings out of all proportion to their deserts, but the mass of men find achievement in direct ratio to their obedience to the law of the wise. It is suc-

cess, that has an element of power in it, of which I speak. This power comes only from obedience to law. Submission to higher self brings mastery. The great men of the world are discoverers and obey nature. Her law must be followed or no lasting success can be attained. Say what you will of temptation, environment and the subtile influences to evil, no man is drawn aside from the law of rectitude except by his own self-determining CHOICE. You cannot gain victory over a man without capturing his will.

In this submission to law lies the power of character. It is self-reliance springing from a reliance on the divine. The liberty of manhood is only gained in this way. Following the revelation of truth that a man sees in the light of his inner consciousness is real success. It makes him. It is the product of a law that cannot be impeached, or its product effaced. It is not something that is put on a man, but a something that grows out of him.

Even in that loose use of the word character, which makes it a synonym of reputation, it is not a garment to be shuffled on and off at pleasure.

However, evil tongues may calumniate, or one be misunderstood or isolated, sooner or later character will be coincident with reputation.

Let a man then choose his work in cheerful Godliness and go forward in it. Self-reliance will breed respect for himself and his tasks. A man may grow disgusted and quit his tasks because somebody sneers. But this is because the man is not master, but only a poor apprentice. The self-reliant man is the one who has learned by obeying law, the mastery of nature, place, rank, and dominion. He is not ashamed either of himself, his aim, or his work. The quack, who has no aim or fitness, who tries simply to catch on to a boom in the hope that luck will see him out, must in the long run come to grief.

The kingly man is the knowing man, and hence the one, who can. The word king means in German and Scotch the one who can, and the one who knows how. And he who can, because he has fitted himself to do by really knowing, is the man of success. The genius that makes success is hard work. A young New Englander entered a cotton mill to learn how to make cotton cloth. He

spent a year in the carding room, a year in the spinning room, a year in the weaving room. A long and hard school. He boarded with the weaver and asked all the questions he wanted to. Then he took the superintendency of a small mill at fifteen hundred dollars a year. But he was still at school. He was learning and fitting himself for higher places, and broader work. He made himself ready and took the patient that came to his door. One of the great mills in Fall River had been running behind. The directors were in trouble. They must have a competent man to take charge of their mill and discover and stop the leakages. A gentleman in Boston knew of a young man fitted to take charge. He could save them thirty per cent. in running their factories. He had not risen on the top wave of a sudden boom, however. If they wanted him they must pay him. How much? Six thousand dollars a year. "It was more than they had paid." "Yes, gentlemen, you can get plenty of cheap men, who will run the mill as it is running now." They took this young man. He saved them forty per cent. in a year. Then another mill wanted him at a salary

of ten thousand dollars, and still another at fifteen thousand. It's success to be king. To know, to begin at the bottom, and work up worthily. Obedience to law is power. It is character. Submission is kingship at last.

Obedience will give every man success in the line of capacity. But do not be mistaken now. A pint of capacity will never give a quart of success. The greatest force of character is its moral elements. Herein all will agree lies the glory of manhood. Not simply to be trusted, but to be worthy to be trusted is the soul's purest satisfaction. This can come only from obedience to the moral law of being.

Law is regnant in the realm in which you have been pursuing your studies. Nature never swerves from law. In listening to your Dean lecture recently, I was impressed with the reign of law both in the progress and in the cure of that dread disease diphtheria.

Look at the pearly dew drop that trembles in a floweret's eye in spring time. Under the guidance of law, impelled to obedience, it was lifted from the ocean, floated perchance in the fleecy

cloud, or hung invisible in the limpid air, and under the regime of that same law was precipitated to earth to rest a little while on the flower or impart its vigor to plant life. That drop of water, the chemist tells me, contains forces which directed by unerring law, let loose from present environment, would rend mountains or raze cities to the dust. Whether this gigantic power is causing the desert to bloom and blossom or is hurling down mountains, it is always under law. There is no escape for it.

It is only in the world of man that we behold perversion, transgression and disobedience to the law of being. Explain ye who are skilled in the lore of the human heart. Why is that man, with the rocks, reefs, breakers and shoals marked out so clearly on the sea of life, will persist in steering for the very spot over which he has seen so many make shipwreck? I am not able to explain the existence of evil, and sin, and moral perversion in man. I do not think it can be explained. "But, if I should doubt its reality," says one of our grandest thinkers, "I should have to disregard the deepest instincts of the human soul, and set

aside the wisest judgments of mankind." For if I deny the evil, I must refuse to acknowledge the good in the very same terms. For if evil is only a slight excrescence, and of no moment, a little marring that civilization will eradicate; if evil is only good in the making, then it ceases to be evil, right and wrong are the same. We have no real moral life. If good and evil are realities, then freedom is real. Man is not the prey of resistless force. The question of man's obedience is a question of his choice.

It is in this freedom of choice that character is formed. A man has the power to freely dispose of himself, and in that is character. He may be solicited and enticed, but he is never compelled to choose. Hence every man must demand of himself that he obey. The first claim and the last one upon him is that he should obey. He is never too old to obey. He is not simply to obey a precept. The obligation of duty is not the highest demand that can be made upon a man.

Growth in character is through obedience to a consciously recognized person. Work the works of Him that sent you into life. Precepts of the

living can tell us how to live, but only life can lead unto life. Life only can kindle divine life in the soul.

We need to know God and worship Him. He stands manifested unto us by the adorable Son, whose personality is the light and life of the world. Before this august Creator the soul may bow in reverent allegiance. He it is whose being is the source of law, the fountain of life, and whose exhaustless life is the broadening river of our existence. Under the starry temple of the universe, in the integrity of manhood we may look up to Him, whose life is the source of growth, power, character, and through obedience to whose law comes all real *success*.

Gentlemen of Starling College :—

I trust that your studies will enable you to realize the supremacy of law in the universe in which we live. You are to go forth to your life work at a time when in some quarters in our land there is an evident conflict between a liberty founded in law and the liberty of the individual will. There is a tendency to make that law, which the people want, and not that which the people ought to

have. We have seen that obedience to law, founded in righteousness, is growth, power and character. It will be your privilege to uphold law as a fountain of life in your professional, civil and moral relations to your fellow men. The very air throbs with the signs of coming conflict between the liberty of the individual will and the supremacy of law. In Europe never were the armies massed by government and directed by potentates so mighty as now. The tramp of soldiers and the bristle of bayonets portends how uneasy at present is "the head that wears a crown."

In our own country we exalt liberty. We utter our loudest plaudits over the grand statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" that graces the entrance to our principal harbor. But what kind of liberty are we seeking? Is it the reign of a pure law that shall make the right easy and the wrong hard? or is it simply license for individual passion? It is only that liberty which holds out the sceptre of righteousness that shall bring prosperity in her pathway, where mercy and truth shall kiss each other, and righteousness and peace be

rained down from heaven. Then shall our honor private and national be :

“ The finest sense
Of Justice which the human mind can frame,
Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,
And guard the way of life from all offense,
Suffered or done.”

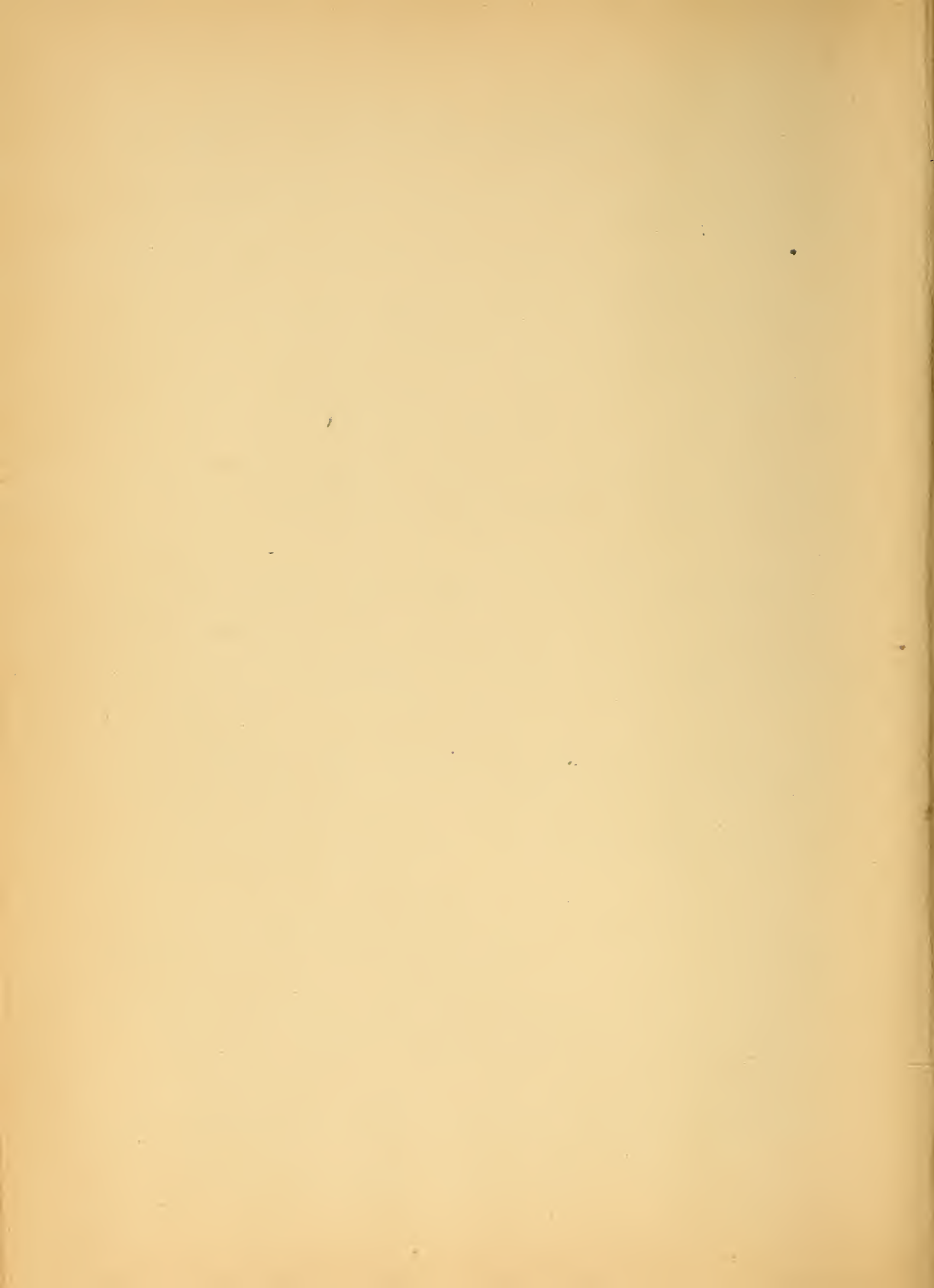
I am not disposed to take a gloomy view of the future. I believe that our people will vindicate their trust in the supremacy of righteous law. More and more will religion cease to be esoteric and regaled to a corner of the week and the hour of divine service and become diffusive and practical in its relations to all life. Moral and religious power, which is but the control of the higher law of man's life, will clothe with new attributes all the little and every day transactions of humanity. Then shall daily living glow with religious fervor.

The stones of the great city, so perverse and corrupted now, shall become the pavement of a vast cathedral whose chimes shall be the music of human hearts moving in time to eternal love and truth. Industries shall then be divine service done in the spirit of devoutest worship. Work shall be a canticle of praise, the hum of trade a

litany of joy, and tread of homeward feet an evening psalm of praise.

Humbly learn of Him, who Himself learned obedience by that which He suffered. Get growth, power, character through obedience to law. Draw reliance from Him to whom, because He is truly the Son of man, no man may need feel ashamed to declare allegiance. Go forward to a brave manly success, a success that comes from character.

Look unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God, far above all authorities, dominions and powers. Make His law the fountain of your life, and you will never know failure.



COURTESY.

Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous.—I PETER III:8.

Publius who received us, and lodged us three days courteously —ACTS XXVIII:7.

IV.

COURTESY.

The early part of the 18th century was characterized by a rare simplicity of confidence and stateliness of manners that put to shame our boisterous, hurrying, suspicious age. Then the dream of perfect manhood merged into the unconscious conviction that man might be made perfect by some set formula of words, just as a youth is knighted, who kneels down an ordinary individual—not to be distinguished from the masses of men—and rises a perfect being. There was more thought given to manners.

Then people were not compelled to know what all the fools of the world were saying and doing yesterday. Says James Russel Lowell, "When one sees a picture of that age with its broad skirts, its rapiers standing out almost at right angles, and

demanding a wide periphery to turn about, one has a feeling of spaciousness that suggests mental as well as bodily elbow-room. Now all the *ologies* follow us to our burrows, in the newspapers and crowd upon us with the pertenacious benevolence of subscription books. Even the right of sanctuary is denied. The horns of the altar which we fain would grasp, have been dissolved into their original gases in the attempt to combine chemistry and theology." But courtesy represents an idea, and stands for a philosophy of life, real and manly, shod with gleams of Edenic simplicity and not devoid of divine splendor. The word originally portrayed the elegance and urbanity of the court, in contrast with the soldiery rudeness and privations of camp life.

When the rudeness of the Pretorium had given place to the polished elegance and barbaric splendor of the courts of the Middle Ages manners improved. This word courtesy originally had to do with forms of conduct. The civility and politeness, the glitter and pomp of royalty, and its surroundings, were contrasted in sharp *Coup D'oeil*, with the rough manners and boorish trappings of

the barons and inferior nobles, on the one hand, and the poverty of the masses on the other. Hence by a single derivation the term courtesy was derived from the word Court, signifying the manners of him who lived an *habitué* of princely surroundings.

But chivalry—the child of poetry and religion—springing out of the needs of feudalism and the influence of Christianity, put new meaning into the word. Under the ameliorating and regenerating touch of the Gospel Evangel the flowers of courtesy bloomed with unwonted perfume and loveliness. It became transplanted from the clothes of man to a seat in his heart. The outcome of this force lit with love and beauty—a bleak and barren age.

The knightly vow of manliness, bravery, chastity and courage softened otherwise unmitigated horrors. But as education and general enlightenment advanced, and the spirit of benign civilization saturated the world, courtesy, politeness and urbanity kept pace with the increasing growth. But the succulent fruits of this heart flowing virtue have too often ceased to mature in palaces, where

they first saw light, and descended to enrich lowly homes and humble hearts.

The great poet Milton—himself a sufferer from the lack of this virtue where it should have most abounded—makes the Lady to say to the Shepherd in his *Comus* :

“ I take thy word ;
And trust thy honest offer'd courtesy,
Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds
With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls
And courts of princes, where it first was named,
Yet is most pretended.”

The age of chivalry is dead. Her castles are in ruins. Her heroes are gone. Each cloud capped tower and gorgeous palace, her pomps and pageant-ries have dissolved, but her manly courtesies and knightly heroisms have been bequeathed to this inexorable age. The age of bronze, the age of gold, the age of silver, the age of tin are gone. We live in the iron age. Iron wills, iron nerves, iron muscles have wrested from the hills their treasures and ripped up the mountains, explored the depths of nature's secrets, dragged forth the giant with more than a hundred hands, and melted his hard heart with the blast of the wind and the

daughter of the sun. With subtlety he has caught from his conquerors irresistible might and Protean capacity.

The architect speaks. He lifts his kingly head in the stately magnificence of architecture-pillar, cornice, capital and frieze.

The engineer speaks. The giant lays his tireless clasp on a continent, or threads the unseen paths of ocean. He plows the deep, and skims on the wings of steam across the land. His atlantean shoulders hold the world. His stamp is on the age, and through iron man is climbing to his imperial dominion as lord of the physical world.

The danger is that iron hardened into steel shall grasp the heart and shut out the horoscope of all but a blind materialism, over which the iron king, loftier than the pillars of Carnac, and mightier than Egypt's sphinx, sits with mute majestic tyranny.

We need heed the note of warning lest the age of iron make men of iron hearts, iron-clad consciences and sensibilities. Iron, iron, iron everywhere, banishing malleable courtesy. But science, the handmaid of religion, aids man's de-

vouter and gentler nature by her discoveries.

True this is the age of iron, yet out of the teeming forces of the natural world comes forth an agency destined to show itself the master of the iron king, and the auspicious harbinger of a new time. That subtle force, whose appearance only we know. Never has eye seen it, or hand handled it. Its dawn has already passed. Its sun has risen in effulgence upon civilization and marches with gigantic strides onward to the full splendor of orbicular noon.

The day of electricity has come, and it will imprint its own stamp upon the age to be. What subtler force, hidden from achromatic vision, may yet rise silently upon the world of man, linking the material with the essentially spiritual, until no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face with the august Originator of all, stands a purified, redeemed and perfected humanity? When the right key fits the lock, then shall the doors swing open, and the obedient and devout soul find its way into the destinies of the invisible, and come to realize that the unseen is eternal.

As the purling brook, meandering through

sunny meadows, and daintily picking its way round mossy rocks, and the mighty river rolling in sublime majesty in its course towards the sea, must both alike have a reservoir whence their supply proceeds, so must the crystal stream of genuine courtesy, whether manifested in acts of gentle kindness, or sublime deeds of heroic devotion and benevolence flow from a good heart. Heart and hand work together, and heart prompts hand. A man's heart is seen by his courteous manners. Like the sun it gives life and wins its way into constant popularity.

William Wirt wrote to his daughter: "Let me tell you a secret. The way to make yourself pleasing to others is to show them attention. What Stearne so happily calls the small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease. Not the courtesy of a vulgar ambition, but the real article—courtesy of a heart that loves kindness for its own sake."

You cannot succeed without heart. The true soul is self-forgetful. In art and in religion self-annihilation is victory. The curse of conceit and self-esteem is defeat.

John B. Gough saw one day a street scene of a dirty little urchin before a confectioner's window. "Would you like some?" said the distinguished orator. "You bet," replied the boy, smacking his lips in anticipation of a feast. That night the lecturer told the story to a delighted audience. "You made a great hit to-night," said a friend. The next evening he lectured again. As he came to the place in his discourse where he had brought in the street Arab, he said to himself: "John, you're going to make a great *hit* now!" But his audience was mute. The story did not produce a ripple. In relating the incident, the orator remarked: "Now, when I tell a story, I leave John out."

The difference between real and sham virtue is soon seen. The one is broad—esteems not its own, but others. This is the opposite of mere conventional politeness. Love deals in gold. Mock courtesy conceals the base alloy under a thin disguise. We want real gifts and genuine, that shall speak of the spiritual.

Genuine courtesy, then, demands sincerity. Refinement of speech and manners must robe the

beautiful life. Let your speech be filled with grace and seasoned with salt. The real soul declares itself in its humblest words and acts. Born of refined sensibilities, true courtesy abounds in humble kindnesses. It looks beneath the purple of the prince and the beggar's garb, to the jewel of soul, chased with the image of the adorable life. No man may hope to claim its possession unless he can look farther than broad-cloth. It is cultivated sensibility.

The poet Cowper, himself the soul of courtesy, sings :

“ I would not number 'mongst my list of friends,
The man, howe'er refined, yet lacking sensibility,
Doth needlessly set foot upon a worm.”

That was the spirit of Goldsmith, when he gave his bed clothing to a poor woman and crept into the straw of the tick to sleep himself.

Courtesy blooms on the stalk of sincerity. Cicero derives the word sincerity from *sine* and *cera*, meaning without wax. It is honey clarified of all wax. The honey of courtesy has no alloy of base motives.

This virtue never needs to be supported by the

crutch of a lie—harmless, officious, malicious—or any other lie. The polite fabrications of society proclaim its hollowness, and how devoid of sincerity it is. While her shadow coolly confronts me from the balustrade, I do not care to hear the mistress instruct her servant to “Tell him I’m not at home.”

That was a good reply that the Irish maid gave the mistress, who told her to say she was not at home.

“What did they say Mary, when you told them I was not at home?”

“They said: ‘How fortinit,’ mum.”

Said a friend to Atterbury, Bishop at one time of Rochester, “Why do you not let your servant say to callers, ‘I am not at home,’ when you don’t wish to see company? It is not a lie. It deceives nobody.”

“If it is consistent with sincerity, it is not consistent with the simplicity which becomes a Christian Bishop,” was his reply.

But I do not think it is consistent with sincerity, even. Yet some men imagine that to be sincere they must be coarse and rude. Vulgar blunt-

ness shows a hollow heart as truly as shallow and heartless politeness.

Shakespeare describes such a person :—

“ This is some fellow,—
 Who having been praised for bluntness doth affect
 A saucy roughness and constrains the garb
 Quite from his nature ; he cannot flatter,—he.
 An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth,
 And they will take it so ; if not, he’s plain.
 These kinds of knaves I know, who in this plainness
 Harbor more craft and more corrupt ends
 Than twenty silly ducking observants.
 That stretch their duties nicely.”

These kind of people boast of frankness, yet make it the bow for the discharge of the arrows of their pique, envy, hatred and malice. Opposite to this coarseness is that hollow, polished, insincere hypocrisy, commonly known as French politeness. Yet no man in the world is more courteous than the French gentleman. A conventional gloss, however, does not make a gentleman out of a coarse boor.

The dude that pimples out into manners and into poetry, but lacking heart, is ever found to be urbane to equals, but brutal to those whom he deems his inferiors.

Such men deal in tinsel, which glitters over the decaying corpse of his *majesty myself*.

Let us make a plea for nature, and the natural, versus the artificial. Our motto will be the "Put yourself in his place." So we will remember the rights and needs of all men, and not blame overmuch for swearing, the man who sits down on the point of a pin.

Nowhere so much as in the home, and with those who form our daily associates within its sacred circle, is there need of the soul of courtesy. "Of all points of good breeding," says Emerson, "what I must insist on is deference. This is the compliment of self-respect. Every chair should be a throne; every member of the household a king or queen."

Where shall we find a happy home, when love does not prompt to courtesy. The happy home is made by polite, thoughtful regard of others' rights and feelings. Giving up the best seat by the fire or the window. Amusing the children even at cost of much personal inconvenience, to ease the burdens of others. Courtesy makes sunshine in the parlor and in the living room, lends home its

sweetness, its sacredness. At best, we are only a short time together, let us make the most of time. Is there a place in the world for sweetness and light—*that place is HOME*. The white immortelles around the coffin will not atone for the harshness and bitter words of to-day.

The home should somehow bespeak the grandeur and imperial quality of our destiny. Let there be courtesy in the kitchen; courtesy in the dining room, even over burnt bread or meat; and where buttons are off and the linen not just right.

“An English nobleman could not be bound to keep the peace; peace kept him,” writes the pen of a saint.

The sun of courtesy will draw off the cloak of ill will. In the fable of the wind, the sun and the traveler, the sun conquers, where the rude, boisterous wind compels only resistance, and is repulsed. By sweet tempered courtesy, a sour and fretful disposition is thawed out. A certain husband kept a diary. Here is the substance found written therein:

Monday, thick fog; Tuesday, cold, chilling; Wednesday, sharp frost; Thursday, cold, cloudy;

Friday, storm, with clearing weather; Saturday, gleams of sunshine; Sunday, southwest wind in the morning, calm at noon, hurricane and earthquake at night.

There must have been but little of the sunshine of courtesy in that home on either side.

Nothing more truly marks true courtesy of the heart, and that which breathes the best thought and ripe culture of humanity, as its treatment of the aged, or the virtuously ignorant. This virtue is something deeper than eternal form. It realizes that usage and custom in polite society are not the whole of existence. Eating ice cream done up as a bunch of asparagus or an old-fashioned poke bonnet is not a *sine qua non* of existence. It reads the feelings of others, and learns from practical experience the value of the motto, "Put yourself in his place."

Queen of the garden of the heart, and Princess of the conduct of life is this jeweled and coronated spirit, and a flower of the heart akin to the lofty quality we call heroism. The man who has not learned to be courteous has not the fibre out of which heroes are woven. He was not born with

a great soul. He who is moved by heaven-born charity in little things, in the crisis of life will be true also.

His trait of deference to authority, and love of duty is immortalized in Tennyson's charge of the Light Brigade :

“ ‘Charge !’ was the captain's cry ;
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die ;
Into the valley of death rode the six hundred.”

The age of chivalry, which has bequeathed us its spirit, has also left an imperishable example of the courteous hero, whose name shall remain undimmed while the stars shine.

Sir Philip Sidney ranks foremost in an age of Augustinian splendor for his illustrious valor and knightly courtesy. He could bend his knee gallantly before his maiden queen and reverently before his God. His learning and his grace gave him renown. Hastening to the battles of his sovereign in the Netherlands he was quickly wounded unto death. Almost frantic with thirst from excessive bleeding and fatigue, he called for water

A cup was given him. As he raised it to his lips, a common soldier, mortally wounded was carried by, who fixed his eyes with eager intensity upon the cup. Instantly the dying knight gave him the water with the remark, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." Thus the hero of many praises, the courteous Christian knight, departed life. May his spirit be the heritage of the kings and queens of this 19th century!

The motive of self-denying acts that crown a life breathing saintly beauty, may ever be, "Thy necessity is greater than mine."

If true courtesy holds the candle to light the feet down the path where charity's summon awaits the doer, were the whole world one blazing chrysolite, it might not once be compared to man or woman so endowed. When jewels are dust and flowers have lost their perfume, such a heart shall be a pillow whereon the Son of Man may lay His head. For the courtesies that go out from humble souls are the everlasting heirlooms of the universe, whose echoes are undimmed as heart reverberates to heart.

The English laureate's musical verse will illus-

trate this thought, and help it cling, burr-like, to memory :

“ The splendor falls on castle walls,
And snowy summits old in story,
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.

Blow, bugle blow, set the wild echoes flying.
Blow bugle. Answer echoes dying, dying, dying.
O, love ! they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill, or field or river,
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.”

THE ROD IN THE HAND.

*The man by earthly wisdom high uplifted,
Is thus a fool confessed ;
The lowly spirit God Himself hath chosen,
As His abiding rest.*

*And the Lord said unto him, What is in thine hand ? And
he said, A rod.*

EXODUS IV: 2.

V.

THE ROD IN THE HAND.

Moses was a great man. But he did not find his greatness until he had emptied himself of all commonly reputed as greatness. He stands today by the burning bush; by the throne of the Pharaohs; on Mount Sinai; on lonely Nebo. Many an archer has bent his bow to bring him down. But God has lifted him before the generations. A grand majestic personality he defies the axe of German criticism and the venomous blow of American infidelity. He is one of those men who being dead yet speak. His life and speech reach us. He touches this nineteenth century. There is a message for us in his call and his mission. How many boys have been snatched from death or obscurity to do a great work in the world. God's providence has watched over earthly des-

tiny. A slave child is thrown up from a wreck and saved to become a great leader of men. As Luther walks with a friend of his boyhood, a bolt from heaven smites the friend, but spares the future monk and reformer. A waif is picked up on the streets of Dublin by a Godly minister. A statesman is rescued from the gutter of poverty and ignorance, whose eloquence and wisdom are to shake a parliament and direct an empire.

Terrible is the edict of the selfish monarch. The Hebrews must be kept down. The boy babies must die. Almost a miracle saves the little child Moses. Brought up in the court of the palace, he becomes learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The scholarly priest inducts him into the mysteries of religion and civilization. The great generals teach him war. At forty, accomplished in all the education of the age, wealth, position, prowess, culture, success have not spoiled him. Out of the palace windows he gazes yearningly into the brick-yards. On the field of battle he remembers his kin. A thinker, warrior, statesman, he dreams of emancipation for his race. He thinks he can do it. Surely his people will

reflect the heroic yearning of his own soul. He strikes the oppressing, insolent Egyptian, a deed imperishable now. It is to be a sign and symbol. The heat of liberty is white in the patriot's heart. But the clod is not more stupid than the slave ground into an automaton beneath the oppressor's heel. Moses tried to be a liberator in his own strength. He saw the hopelessness of his task. Hollow-eyed failure leered at him. Flight was his only refuge. But out there in the Arabian desert was his school. God had something still to teach him. Then by the burning bush the call of God came to him.

We may learn a lesson from Moses' life for our active Christianity to-day. When God called him he shrank from the great responsibilities thrust upon him. He knew the Egyptians, he knew the Hebrews, and begged to be excused. "And Moses answered and said: 'But, behold they will not believe me, nor hearken unto my voice; for they will say the Lord hath not appeared unto thee.' And the Lord said unto him, 'What is that in thine hand?' And he said, 'A Rod.'"

You will remember how God made use of that rod and the hand that held it. Both became

pregnant with supernatural energy, and gave birth to convincing prodigies. Moses' life affords us many parallels to the life of the Christian teacher and worker to-day. That rod was, in its simplicity and apparent inefficiency, like the cross and its preaching, that to so many appear foolishness, but to the believing are the power of God unto salvation.

I remark then, in the first place, "Moses was called to a difficult mission." He was to liberate a race of slaves. The mighty power of Egypt's throne was arrayed against him and his undertaking. Not a soul in all Egypt was in sympathy with the movement he hoped to inaugurate.

John Brown's raid at Harper's Ferry was calm, cool and statesmanlike, compared with the rash venture of this Hebrew shepherd, who, after absenting himself for a generation from his people, attempted their emancipation.

Then the Hebrews were slaves. They were content to be such. To live and die under the eye of their taskmasters seemed to be their highest ambition. It is one thing to heed the cry "come and help us." Quite another to awaken the need that

shall create the cry. This last was what Moses was compelled to do. With his rod in his hand, he had first of all to convince his countrymen that they needed the salvation he had been sent to offer them and to secure for them.

Just here is Moses' work analogous to the mission of the gospel now. The great need of sinners is to *feel* their need. To know that they are held in bondage to the world. Socrates was wont to say his work was a negative one; to bring men from *unconscious* ignorance to *conscious* ignorance. We can feel the full force of this only when we remember, that, before we can learn we must know that we do *not* know. Before a sinner can be brought to Christ he must feel his need of Christ. So we have a side light thrown upon the operations of conscience. Men in their religious life are not accustomed to examine themselves closely. A few big deformities or glaring iniquities are set up as monumental stones and carefully marked "*Sin.*" If a man does not stumble over any of these he congratulates himself as living in a state of comparative righteousness. He prefers not to think or feel deeper. The Redeemer's words, and the

electric flash of the cross are not sent down the long avenues of retrospection, where the hidden thoughts and affections of the soul bubble and leap and surge under the spur of passion or the lash of the world.

Men do not yearn for liberty, because they fail to perceive their bondage. But when faith seizes it, the Gospel becomes the Rod in the Hand, convincing the soul and scourging its enemies.

The man who longs most for liberty need not be the most abject slave; but he who feels his manacles gall him the most, and the sweet light of liberty shine in his soul most keenly. The man who feels most deeply the "*exceeding sinfulness of sin*" need not be the greatest sinner.

The closer to Christ the more passionate the ardor for a character crystalline in righteousness. In the glare of noonday the smallest dust speck is seen. Here in Columbus there has been a marvelous renovation in the last year. Still there is a great cry for cleanliness. I see the officers of the Board of Health are in good demand yet. Is it that we have been on the retrograde in this respect? Are we dirtier than we were? Oh, no.

Men's eyes have grown keener under the rising dread that the great scourge was coming to visit us, once again. The city has been purified. Old nooks and old corners have been cleaned out. Cellars and cesspools and dark places have been scoured and scrubbed and whitewashed and sweetened. The city was never so clean as it is just now. And yet it never seemed so dirty. We have learned a little to appreciate cleanliness. The eye is sharp. All the senses are acute. And we are all clamoring for purification.

Just so is it in man's attempt at personal holiness. House cleaning in the soul is like the task the good housewife has before her. The more shutters you open, the more light you let in, the more dust you dig out from the corners and crevices, the more cobwebs you brush down, the more there is to do. The little faults and sins you never saw before now demand rectification and purification, till the soul is lifted higher and higher towards the matchless perfection of the adorable Christ; until walking in the sunny splendor of the cross the Christian sings all the day long :

“ In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.”

So I am brought to notice the preparation of Moses for his work. Time and discipline were needed to ripen him for so grand a mission. “So much time!” the unthinking exclaim. That careful education in Egypt was wasted. Forty years in the wilderness was time thrown away. No! He needed just this training. Two-thirds of his life was spent in getting ready, one-third in the actual accomplishment of a career. But all this preparation was only commensurate with the vastness of the task set before him. He saw the schemes of his youth fall crashing around him. One thing was to be learned. His own inefficiency; that all efficiency is of God. Through valleys of sorrow, amid the ashes of bitter disappointments he came to find God in the burning bush, and learn that the rod in the hand is might enough with Him for the sublimest achievement. So God has always taken time to prepare men for His work. How like the Man of Sorrows, on the stern sad side of his nature, the truly great men of the world have

been. They have learned to wait and to bear. A Samuel, a David, a Paul, an Augustine, a Cromwell, a Dante, a Milton have been chiseled, and chastened, and refined by sorrow. Not on the mountain-top of joy, but in the lowly valleys of sorrow souls develope.

Thus fibre of the soul is knitted, and the powers of man made great to minister to humanity. So the great books of the world and the great paintings of the world are steeped in tears of sorrow. This is God's way. Does it seem strange? He leads men to-day in the same path. How did your spiritual life bud and blossom? Was it the heyday of joy? Disappointment and sorrow came. The dream of self and selfish achievements was broken. The process was long. That empty cradle, those shattered hopes, brought you to God, to faith, to prayer. The ripened Christian character, so subtile and delicate, will take time also.

Said a very old woman, "I was a girl when Cromwell stopped at the Castle of Knaresborough. They sent me into the great man's room to warm the bed with a warming-pan. When I went out I looked through the keyhole. I saw Cromwell

cross the room, and kneel down by the bed and pray. I went away and after awhile came back and peeped in again. There he was praying yet." "How many of us," says Hood as he relates the anecdote, "could stand the test of the key-hole?" Sure enough, "How many?"

Still further, I remark, how apparently inadequate were the *means* Moses had for so great a purpose. To conquer a throne and emancipate a race, what had he? What is that in thine hand? and he said, "A rod." "Poor means," you say. But that rod was enough when the supernatural power of the Infinite once transformed it. God uses simple means, and those that are at hand for great ends. How simple the Gospel is! The cross in its plainness stands the symbol of emancipation. Not for one nation, but for humanity. This is to reform, free, save each one of us. Only we are to remember, God is doing it. He keeps hold of the reins of Destiny. The work must be done in His way. With the Gospel in his hand, and looking up to the Cross the Christian may shout:

"Jesus shall reign where're the sun
Does his successive journeys run."

Lastly, I call your attention to the humility of Moses. He felt unfit for the great work to which God had called him.

The terrors of the task flash upon him. There were the power of Pharoah, and the stupidity, and superstition of the Hebrews to be overcome.

"I am not eloquent, Lord," he cries, "just send somebody else."

That sense of unfitness and helplessness comes to every man who would do God's work. However, he may start out thinking he has great force or power to help to reform, and bless humanity, he must lose all that if he is to do any real or effective work. He may lose his self-consciousness in his work, or better still, he may lose *self* in his trust in a higher and diviner power working in and through him. Then he sees that brain, heart, nerve, discipline and culture are only God's instruments.

The Lord told Moses He was near to help him. "I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what to say."

Here is a lesson of humility for the ministry, and for every Christian. It is a good thing when

a young Christian feels his unfitness for a holy life work. There is hope for such a one in reliance on the Redeemer's help.

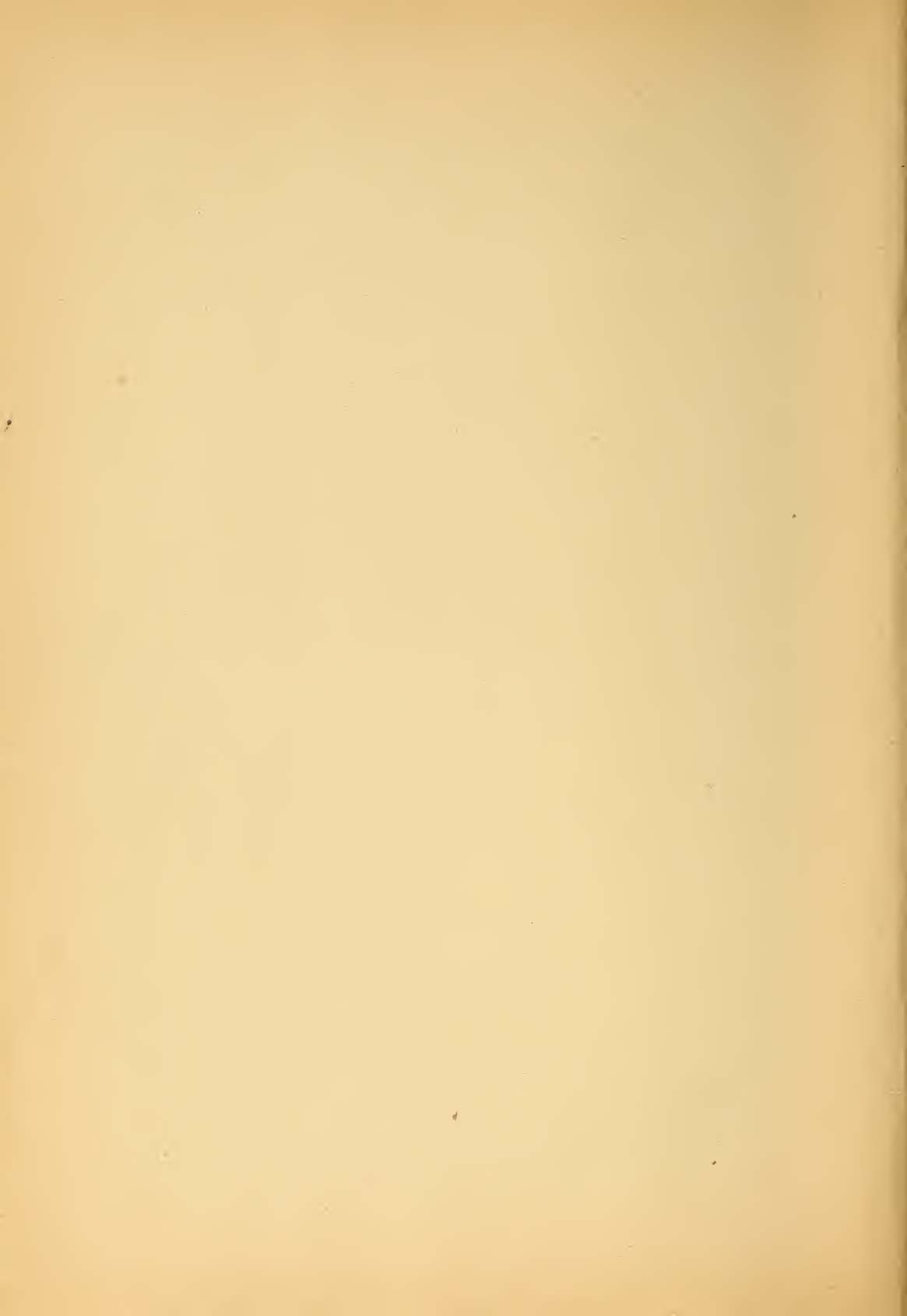
The gospel promises help to those who ask. God wants His work done in His own way.

An English preacher tells of a stranger who came to a place in his way where a gate crossed the road. A little girl stood beside it, and as he approached closed the gate. He indignantly remonstrated. "Oh, all you've got to do is to ask," said the child, "and I will open the gate." He did as he was bidden, and the gate no longer barred his progress. The owner of that land simply wanted to preserve the right of way to himself. Hence the gate. So divine grace in the gospel keeps the gate of life immortal. The Infinite Father holds in His own hand the right of way. Ask and it shall be given you, seek and you shall find.

There is no salvation, no emancipation, no great work to be done without dependence upon Him. Like the mission of the great leader wrought out so long ago, the mission of the Christian life is a difficult one. It needs preparation. Have your sorrows taught you to lean on Him?

Is Heaven a great reality? On what is your dependence for success? Let the great leader of Israel teach you humility. Do you feel unfit for God's service? Do you despair of doing aught for man? Would you be excused? God comes to you, Christ says "what is that in thine hand?" Is it only a rod?

Have you any hold on the gospel? Is the cross in your hand? Let the cross of Jesus, and the gospel of the Son of God be as insignificant as that old rod in the shepherd's hand, if your trust is in God, poor heart, they shall be unto you and unto this weary world the power of God unto salvation.



THE YOUNG MAN'S GLORY.

He felt, with indescribable strength and sweetness, that the lovely time of youth is our Italy and Greece, full of gods, temples, and bliss ; and which, alas ! so often Goths and Vandals stalk through, and strip with their talons.

The glory of young men is their strength.

PROV. XX:29.

VI.

THE YOUNG MAN'S GLORY.

No man ever knew better than Solomon, the strength and weakness of youth. He was, himself, young and tender when he came to the throne, and its terrible temptations. Out of his passionate sorrows, and deep experiences, and humiliating defeats, he has left in this Book of Proverbs, a monument full of warning and instruction for the youth of all ages. What man stronger than he, in splendor of youth and glory of manhood? Who ever possessed such opportunities, or who exhibits so well the lessons of glory despoiled and strength bound captive? The young man is proud of his strength. There is something in the might of brain, muscle, and passion that makes him leap up in exultation at their boundless possibilities. But it is the very strength of youth that is led cap-

tive by the spirit of the world. The brightest, quickest, keenest, glorying in the invulnerable majesty of youth, have gone forth, in the gay morning of life, jubilant with visions of conquest. The prizes of the world catch their eyes. The charioteers in the great amphitheater of the city's street, jostle, tempt and lure them onward. Ask the silent watchman under the stars, "Watchman, what of the night? Is the young man safe?" "Fallen! fallen! fallen!" is too often the answer. It's a drunkard's grave. It's a criminal cell. His bones are bleaching on the sands where the sirens play, all careless of the ruin their song has wrought. How are the mighty fallen! A young man went out from his New England home. He became a racer in the city's strife. He was strong in the pride of youth, strong in susceptibilities to ten thousand influences. But there was a stronger than he. His master found him in the way. He wrestled and was thrown. He returned to his father's house a wreck, morally, physically, intellectually. Blasted! blasted! a ruined character forever. Let him stand for thousands.

Opposed to the strength born of pride, which is

the glory of youth, the young man meets with a three-fold temptation on the very threshold of life. Opposed to his delicate and pliant sensibilities are immense and subtle influences, reeking with the miasma of evil.

And just here must the problem of the young man's life be met in our large centres of population. They are ;

The strength of the sensual.

The strength of the present life.

The strength of the customs of society.

And through these channels the world marshals her forces against youth, and counteracts the influences of Church and religion.

The young man's strength seems exhaustless. Engaged in dissipation all night, he can work all day. But by and by he is marked as going downward. The world has won its victory over him. Strength met strength and was foiled. He is lost to virtue, and by this I mean more than chastity. I mean manliness, moral goodness, integrity. The power of the sensual life has captivated him.

Again, the strength of the present enslaves him. He thinks that every day will be like to-day. Tell

him death is at the door, that out of every certain company one must stand before the Judge of all the living ere the year shall close. "You cannot mean me," he exclaims, "peradventure I shall escape." So the world wins its victory over him.

Once more, it is the strength of custom that claims his allegiance. It is the manner of society, the way of the world that he dare not disobey. Thus he is a willing slave. And the world, the flesh and the devil win the day.

The young man, bound hand and foot by society, boasts, "It is the custom of the times ; I cannot help it. One does not want to appear eccentric. I must get on in life." Or, again, he has not independence, sufficient manhood and intelligence, to map out his own course upon the chart of life and stick to it. The influences around him are tremendous. The age is lax. Sensuality and avarice prey upon him. He inclines a little to the wrong. Alas! now the waves are over his head ; he drifts ; his will is paralyzed ; he is swept headlong with the current. The world claims him as her own.

But let us arraign these forces that threaten the young man's strength and despoil his glory, before

the bar of justice, manhood and the judgment of our better selves.

I will mention, first, the temptations that come from the love of money and of place. The lad aims at being a rich man. He sees, early, the deference paid to money. To be rich is the one passion of his existence. How sharply he interrogates persons and things around him. This man made his money selling rum. This one was lucky with a lottery ticket. This one came into wealth by questionable transactions on change. In his maddening thirst the meretricious dazzles him. His heart runs wild. He that trusteth his own heart is a fool, says Solomon. But, blinded by passion, the man trusts the emotions of his heart. To him its deceits are rosy with prospective success.

The slow growth of well planted seed he forgets. The gradual rise of true and worthy men, who have risen from small beginnings to affluence and influence by integrity and "toiling upward in the night," are all forgotten. The golden eagles in the grasp of incompetency dazzle him. He reaches, clutches, and, when too late, perhaps,

finds he has grasped dross instead of value, and vanity instead of prosperity.

From all over the civilized world come mighty and sinister voices declaring the frightful growth of immorality.

And in a measure I believe this is due to the modern method of doing business, and to the cosmopolitan character stamped upon the age, by our tremendous system of steam railroads. To-night in the sanctity of home and quiet village, to-morrow morning the youth is rushing through the avenues of trade in New York, Chicago or Boston. Last night it was the mother's smile, or the father's restraining influence, home and purity. To-night it is "What shall I do? Where shall I go?" The hotel is irksome. The harpies and sharpers are on his track. "Come," they say, "there is a good time down here—elegant entertainment; magnificent place." Ask them what it means. These imps of darkness will tell you "It's business." The poor fool whom they are luring on and downward never sees the skeleton behind the mask.

"Where does he go? What does he do?" you ask.

Isolated from home, from church, mother, sister, thronged by temptations, what may he not do? "He ought to be man enough to resist," you say. I know what he ought to do, but I want you to realize now, as never before, what he does do, alone in the great city. I want you to feel, as never before the duty of the Church toward the young man in our city, mastered, as he too often is, by passion within and tempters without.

Money does not roll in as fast as he would like to see it, so he gambles just a little in stocks and futures. He must be rich. Now he is in the sumptuous palace. Faro, cards and dice are indulged in, just a little, to try his luck, at first. Again he dips deeper. Dishonor sits with him. Ghastly suicide leers over his shoulder. He has stolen his employer's wealth. Downward he goes; into the great ranks of the morally smirched and diseased, silently, it may be, but, perhaps, emblazoned on the banner of scandal, to feast the public eyes, and callous the public taste still further than it is.

Again, the young man says he cannot marry. The girls want too much of pride, pomp, and cir-

cumstance. He must have a big establishment, support an equipage. He cannot afford to marry; a wife is a too expensive luxury. But I believe, from the bottom of my heart, that, blinded by his own cursed avarice, he sees woman through the baleful darkness of his own selfishness, not as she really is.

The death blow was given to the old Roman civilization by the breaking up of the family relation. Bachelors took their ease and refused to marry. The pillars of the state fell, and the empire came crashing down with them. Gibbon, meditating amid the ruins of the coliseum, mourned over the fall of the Roman empire. "But," thought the great historian, "we have iron and fire, our civilization will last." But strange to say he forgot that Rome had iron and fire. She fell when, in the loss of the family, she lost manhood and honor, and all that conserves the highest influences of state. And woe be to our civilization, if it ends in the brothel and the whiskey shop. We have iron and fire, but we have more, we have Christ.

Let us ask ourselves squarely, what are the facts regarding customs of our times?

Stated as delicately as we dare to put it, the average young man who has no home is too often found in the house, which is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.

“What can *laws* do without morals,” writes Franklin. And all over the so-called Christian world may be observed, in these last decades, this frightful growth of immorality. Everywhere the liquor power seems to grow stronger. Rum, drunkenness and crime, beastly trio, leap and caper, hand in hand, in the hideous dance of death.

In England drunken criminals increased in number, in a little more than one decade, from four hundred and two per one hundred thousand of population to eight hundred and forty-nine. In Massachusetts, between 1860 and 1879, crimes from drunkenness arose from six thousand three hundred and thirty-four to sixteen thousand two hundred and eleven. In six years, in Prussia, crime increased sixty-five per cent.

As crime increases, the alarming growth in the number of suicides is a significant sign of the times. But hereditary wickedness and criminality

find their most awful illustration in the monstrous growth of licentious practices. New York has six hundred brothels, with more than ten thousand inmates. And every city in the land is cursed with these plague spots and fever sores. Why do I intrude this dark side of our civilization to your attention to-night?

Not, surely, to cast a cloud over you, or to appear indelicate in this sacred presence. But, because, it is our young men that help to swell the ranks of the criminal classes to an appalling degree. Saloons, billiard rooms, dance halls, and houses of vice found in all our large villages, cities and towns depend for their support largely on the patronage of young men. Go to the penitentiary and face the crowd gathered of a Sunday morning in the prison chapel, as I do sometimes, and your heart will ache for the young men incarcerated there.

In one house of correction in a western city the records showed one thousand seven hundred and seventy-three inmates, one thousand seven hundred and seventy-two of whom were young men between the ages of sixteen and thirty-two.

In an Eastern prison where no boys are confined, the average age of its nineteen hundred criminals is less than twenty-four years. The cost to one county of convicting a single criminal was \$10,000, of executing another was \$30,000. To maintain the liquor saloons \$2,000,000 are required, while worse places in cities not a great ways from Columbus are sumptuously fitted up at a cost from \$8,000 to \$10,000, while two thousand dollars are given grudgingly for a Christian Association. It is estimated that but fifteen per cent. of the young men of this country attend church with any regularity. Only five per cent. are members of Churches, seventy-five per cent. never go at all. Small, indeed, is the attendance of young men at church, prayer-meeting, Sunday school or any other religious service, comparatively speaking, in this goodly city of ours.

The runners of hell are out in force. Shamelessly they ply their traffic filching souls for their hire. The commercial travelers of "Satan, World and Company" go to and fro with tireless energy. Their wares are largely for young men. They, too, are set to win souls. To them is

known no night of sleep or Sabbath of rest. They never stop. Right here they are ever alert for young men.

A young man, teller in a village bank, but unacquainted with the city's ways, went down to Philadelphia on important business for the bank. He was proud of his trust. It was to be his first visit to the city. Secretly he thought, as many another has done, I will see a little of life now. As he sat at supper in the hotel, the first time after his arrival, two letters were handed him. Both bore the postmark of the city. Who knew him in that vast throng of strangers? he queried. "There are wide awake folks down here," replied the colored waiter to his wondering look.

One was an invitation to a low resort for the morrow, which was Sunday. The other an offer from the Y. M. C. A. to escort him to any church he might wish to attend. Which would he take? The temptation was mighty, but the influence of those young men was great. Conscience and duty triumphed. He was saved from what beginning? from what career? who can tell?

Suppose there had been no Christian on the

lookout, who dare tell what that Sunday in the city might have begun? He thanked God that night that he was saved.

This same thing may find repetition in *our* city any time. The hosts of Satan are gathering for a final assault. The world is to be captured for the devil or for Christ. If the young man can be gained the battle is won. For on his character depends the future of the land, the Church, and the world.

The day is past when a merchant can just open his shop and display his goods. Let his stock be ever so choice, his prices low, his treatment of patrons polite, his eagerness to sell great, the old-fashioned way of doing business will not bring success. He must advertise his wares. His customers must have their goods brought to the door for inspection or his go-ahead-ative neighbor, even with inferior goods, will snatch the trade.

The age has its own methods. Success is secured by using the channels through which the traffic of the times passes. The railroad and the newspaper have revolutionized the world's way of buying and selling. Just so it is in methods of

Christian work. It is not enough simply to open a church. We have plenty of churches, you say. Not so. We need more. We have plenty of stores in Columbus some people think. But when a new firm comes and opens a new store for private gain, you call that energy, or enterprise. Shall the Christian Church have less faith, energy, enterprise, than men following the instincts of trade?

The Church must reach out. She needs her scouts, her pickets, her outposts, her commercial runners. It is not enough to elaborate sermons in elegantly-adorned churches on Salvation of Souls, and the Divine Government, in order to save men. Religion must be made to appear what the Gospel makes it, not a theory, not a sentiment, but a reality. Religion is living right before our fellow men, and when we do that we are following Christ and living right towards God.

Mortify therefore your members which are upon the earth, cries the apostle. Abstinence from lying, stealing, and cultivation of purity of life, that is Christianity. The demand of the Gospel, the need of the age is, that this sort of religion be

preached to men. And in view of the facts we have reviewed to-day, especially does this sort of religion need to be preached to our young men. The Church must run swiftly if she save the perishing of this class. Every inspiration of faith must be gained, every fortress of the enemy must be assaulted. Who is to lead in this crusade for the salvation of young men? Who but our young men, urged on by the marshaled strength of the whole Church militant. Cheered on by the cross of Jesus and Him who hung upon it, let the Church call to its advancing columns :

“ Stand up ! stand up, for Jesus ;
Ye soldiers of the Cross.”

Or that other battle cry :

“ Stand up ! stand up, for Jesus ;
The trumpet call obey.
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this his glorious day ;
Ye that are men now serve Him,
Against unnumbered foes,
Your courage rise with danger
And strength to strength oppose ”

Now, the young man may be reached. By and by it may be too late. Said an earnest minister, some years ago, in New Jersey, as the vile life of a criminal, sentenced to be hung, was near its end,

“Christian people tried in vain to tell him of a Saviour’s love. He answered their solicitude with blasphemy, and spurned them with the statement, that, had they shown him the one hundredth part of the attention, when he was a fresh young lad, that they had shown him when under the shadow of the gallows, he might have turned out a decent man.” Now is the time to angle for the soul of the young man, in the deep pools of the world, ere he is in a prison cell, or the victim of lust. His glory is his strength. Take him to Christ, and that glory shall be the strength of Christian character. A strength no foe shall ever conquer; a glory no cloud shall ever dim.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.

*Who walks within the light of God,
No earthly cares annoy ;
Resigned, beneath the chastening rod,
He's calm amid life's joy.*

But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

MATT. VI: 33.

VII.

THE GREAT PROBLEM.

It was a strange company that gathered to hear the sermon on the Mount. The marvelous doctrine of the divine care of life fell on ears accustomed to hear the sighs of poverty or the merciless exactions of the tax gatherer. We need to understand their situation to comprehend the words of the Master. To them a rich man meant a pitiless leech, fat with the people's blood. They caught the meaning of the Saviour's words: "It is harder for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." But, although the wrongs of society were so great, Jesus did not denounce faction, preach political economy, and set capital arrayed against labor, or organize a crusade of poverty against riches. He saw the right for the ages.

He laid His ax at the root. His teachings are broad principles—true as the everlasting righteousness. There may be many apparent exceptions just now, but in the long run, His words, His principles shall be vindicated before the race.

Here is such a principle: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

What is the kingdom of God? you ask. Not a dream. Not a vision seen only down the far vistas of eternity. "Neither shall they say, lo here! or lo there! for, behold, the kingdom of God is within you." Paul declares, "The kingdom of God is righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Again he utters the same truth when he says, "The fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." And James turns the same thought into other words when he declares, "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace for them that make peace."

By all of which we may understand, that, the kingdom of God is within man, and its fruits, the religious principles of a life. If we live in the

Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit! But if a man is devout, godly and religious, he is not always successful. No! we live in a complex world. The effects of unrighteousness are often entailed. If a good man makes a mistake he must stand the brunt. But our Lord declares, righteousness and integrity are good for advancement in the things of this life. All short-sighted exceptions and prejudices swept away, the principle will find its vindication all about us. All things considered the religious man will prosper. If a man lives with a sense of the Divine care of life, brooding above him, as the white pinions of angels, his aims will be loftier, his means to attain them purer.

It is the letting of the power of the endless life down into this that all men need. The sense of the truly religious helps a man to think, judge, feel and live better. The super sensuous in religion lifts a man into a higher moral and religious being. The earnest of the spirit flashing on him, the foregleams of the immortal life inspire him to make the most of himself here. A just appreciation of the value of the soul—of *self*—is not selfishness. There is a selfhood, divine and

holy, devoutly accepting the imperishable value the Infinite has stamped upon the individual. There is a selfishness, bloated, pampered and cursed with its own insatiable demands, quenchless as the fire of the pit. The one lives making the kingdom of God foremost in thought, in home, in business, in the world of men. The other sees no higher throne, no diviner majesty than self. And this is true of the rich man and the poor man, the working man class and all other classes.

But the man who lives with the power of the Immortal in him lifts all life to its higher plane. Work to him is worship. Toil is the chiseling on character of imperishable traits that shall gleam on the full-blown blossom of eternity. He feels, he knows, that man,

“ Though once a worm—a thing that crept
On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept,
This puny man from his cell of clay
Shall burst a seraph in the blaze of day.”

For, as the worm is marked with some of the gorgeous tints that appear on the radiant wings of the butterfly, flashing in the sunlight, so is the chrysalis of the soul traced with some supernal gleams to appear in the resurrection glory. And

this sense of the immortal in religion should keep men fast to eternal verity, and lead the righteous to place the kingdom of God foremost in all worldly transactions. Such a religious man makes everything converge to his spiritual growth. He asks, what does the kingdom of God demand here?

But if I go out on High street, men tell me they don't want religion there. It's too prim a companion. It's too apt to stick a brad into the ribs of conscience just when the cap-stone descends on a sharp transaction. It's nonsense! Religion isn't profitable for business. You steer clear of a religious man. It is often thought that the man who proclaims his religion in business is a sham, a cheat, a hypocrite, so saturated with humility, sweetness, light and soft-headed piety, on the outside, that he carries a concealed dagger, deeply engraved "Number One," within. I don't blame a business man for being afraid of voluble religiosity, that asks after your soul with its breath, and steals your purse with its right hand.

But it is a mistake, a blunder, a misconception of a God-given principle to place pure religion

and undefiled in that category. For the religion of the New Testament is replete with holy wisdom. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without wrangling and without hypocrisy; and the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace." Is not that wisdom good for business? Does real religion unfit a man for life's tasks? Can't a man be diligent in business and pray in the prayer meeting, teach in the Sunday school, and be a devout worshiper in the sanctuary? Should a man have less or more integrity because he believes this life the prelude of an eternal existence?

A Christian man ought to take his religious principles—the kingdom of God—into business. Not in his words, but in his deeds, he is to preach Christ. Religion and business, the sacred and the secular, should be wedded. There is no difference. We need to learn the sacredness of what we call the secular. The gospel joins them. It is an awful blunder to divorce them. Disaster lurks in waiting for the individual, the commun-

ity, the nation, that gives heed to Mammon instead of the law of righteousness.

This means speaking the truth, making no false representations, being merciful, taking no advantage of a brother's necessities to get a ten dollar article for five, and calling it a "bargain." Most of the successful merchants, mechanics, manufacturers and business men of this city were once poor boys and workingmen themselves. Is there any justice in their grinding the face of the poor now?

Is there any righteousness in our great corporations keeping a poor man out of his wages for a month, and then allowing him but three weeks wages? But his money goes to the grog shops! Does it? Then shut up the saloons. No wonder the poor man shuns the church door. Isn't his employer calmly worshiping there? I recently canvassed a section of this city, house by house. There were the homes of the poor. Out of two hundred and fifty families only twenty-five ever darkened the church door. One poor woman told me she went to church recently, and added "The minister talked beautifully about the poor, but it didn't help us any." The King-

dom of God means the brotherhood of man. The rich and the poor meet together, and God is the maker of them all. There are no artificial distinctions in this Kingdom. All men are the sons of God.

Again, the civil law, the legal quibble, is not the standard for the Christian. His religion is of the gospel. His standard of right the equity of the Kingdom of God. "You can get \$500 out of him," says the lawyer. "But it's not right," says the plain God-fearing man. "It is legally yours," says the man of law. "Take it, you ain't a fool, are you?" "You say that I can get the \$500?" "Yes." "But it's not mine in equity, only legal." "Yes." "That's the way of it." "I don't want the \$500." "Why not?" "I must die some time." "Fool," sneers the worldling.

To the truly religious man, the gospel standard is the rule. The morality of the court and the shop is not his morality. Eternal righteousness overshadows all his days.

But religious men are not always successful. Sometimes men of high religious notions, of devout prayerfulness, goodness and liberality, get

shoved aside. If we look underneath the surface of affairs we may observe the reason of it. Sin lies at the door somewhere. They do not always take counsel of the kingdom of God. A man does not say, "How can I best subserve the kingdom of God in my business? What would Christ have me do at this crisis of my life?" The problem of problems is left unproposed, and unsolved. Ruin sweeps down on the business career.

What are the causes that lead to so much meagre success, or positive failure in the business world? One great reason of disaster is mammon worship. Manhood, honor, religion, everything is sacrificed to this hideous idol. A young man craves wealth and position. He begins with high ideas of integrity, deep religious enthusiasm. Captivated by the prizes of the world, he forgets to gauge his motives, and compare his actions with the gospel standards, the religion he professes. Then comes a crisis. He is weighed. Found wanting. He passes out and down into the ranks of those whose once blameless integrity has been smirched with dishonor.

Again, another cause of disaster is pride. A

man must have as large an establishment as his neighbor. How many men have met their Waterloo by spreading their business over too large a surface? A hundred furnaces must be kept running. Every one of them with a hundred irons at white heat. When a man forgets the divine care of life, ignores the kingdom of God, and goes ballooning in business pride, he is on the verge of awful disaster. God gives a man a mission in life to care for his household, to minister to that circle of friends dependent upon him, and work becoming deeds of benevolence. He has one garden to cultivate; one kernel of corn to grow. When he puts forth his hand to steal his neighbor's kernel, woe betide him. How many men there are who were not content with a legitimate business. Their avarice was moral ruin. Seeking to make their million ten millions they awake to find it zero. When will men learn that the pride of avarice is immoral?

Again, men rush into business, seeking not the kingdom of God, but to grow rich quickly. What guarantee have they of success? Nothing but the hallucinations of their own imaginations and the

gambling spirit that possesses them. They have not taken counsel with their ability, resources or integrity. The kingdom of God never enters their dream. When will men learn that incompetency is moral and financial suicide? Incompetency vaunting itself in place of knowledge and ability is downright wickedness, and such men help to swell the stupendous catalogue of financial failures in the land. Would that humility were not a lost virtue, angel that she is, to lead men to the vision of their need of the kingdom of God.

If we could but have the lives of our great financial criminals emblazoned before us, and all the secrets disclosed that led them step by step to the hour of the horrible revelation of their guilt, we would need no other commentary on the gospel. What is true in business life holds also in the political arena. How many have risen to flourish a little while like a green bay tree, and then go out forever in a cloud of dishonor? How many men, who have had for a time, apparently, great success in their immoral practices, have gone down suddenly into a night of shame and contempt?

The world has enough pride, enough of the spirit of mammon, enough of the forgetfulness of the eternal righteousness. Would that I might sound a note every young business man might hear and heed. The world to-day needs men of unblemished integrity, men who are not ashamed to ask what is right and what is wrong; men who place the kingdom of God first in all seeking.

The Church needs positive business men to whom the gospel standard of integrity is absolute; who will not substitute the morality of the mart for the law of the cross; men who swear to their hurt, if need be, and change not; to whom Jesus Christ is the final appeal in all questions of moral motive. We have plenty of men in the churches of weak-kneed integrity, feeble faith, blunted in conscience. On Sunday they are as straight as an arrow. On Monday they are gnarled and twisted and knotted. They bend like a Damascus blade. But there is no radical and abiding change of life in them. These men seem to lack the religious sense. They seize the forms. The Spirit they never knew. They stand like a man devoid of eyes and ears amid the richest creations of nature.

There is no beauty of sound or form for the blind and the deaf. Niagara may roar and the sun may kiss a thousand rainbows upon its silvery spray. They see and hear it not. But when eye and ear are opened, what a world of loveliness! What eloquence may depict the rapture of the being who sees and hears for the first time!

Would that the spiritual eye might be opened to discern the majesty of truth, that the life might be arrayed in its beauty. The age needs positive convictions in the pulpit. See what a grand, positive way nature has with her. Life rolls on ceaselessly over death, never stopping, never compromising. The pulpit must stop shilly-shallying and declare a positive religion and integrity that touches the common life; ideals and possibilities for the soul life giving success here and blessedness hereafter. It has come to be a kind of reproach when the minister brings the sublime doctrine of the cross to the common necessities of life. "Yes, it is very good for a *practical sermon*." Of course not so sublime as those skylarkings amid the incomprehensible speculation of a sham theology, of which there is no hint in the doctrine of Him whom the people heard gladly.

The gospel declares the necessity of righteousness for the fulfillment of the highest destiny here and hereafter. The word of the Lord, repentance and remission of sins; a holy life, the kingdom of God; Christ in the soul, are not empty sounds, but enduring passports to prosperity and joy in time and in eternity.

The kingdom of God is within you. God has given to each man a mission. Hence the call to individualism. Let each one be strong in himself, because God is with him. Men and women, the kingdom of God is at the threshold. Choose ye! On all great moral and spiritual questions men are separating themselves. Some take the right, some the left. The North and the South were not more clearly divided in the great conflict than are the selfish and the unselfish, the virtuous and the vicious, the kingdom of God and the kingdom of the prince of this world. But every man must appear before the judgment seat of Christ. It is appointed unto man once to die, and after death the judgment. The time is coming when the trickster, the sharper, the cheat, the liar, the perjurer, the mean, the corrupter, the hypocrite, shall arise

to the declaration of that judgment they have prepared for themselves, and with shame and everlasting contempt written upon their faces slink away to hide themselves in the mantle of their own meanness. Christ deliver you and me from such a self. Let us heed the Master's warning entreaty: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness;" and enjoy the fruition of His promise: "All these things shall be added unto you."



THE EVERLASTING.

*Above the passing dreams of man,
God's thoughts run on in cloudless day ;
The ages climb to reach their truth,
And catch His everlasting yea.*

*But the word of the Lord endureth forever. And this is the
word which by the Gospel is preached unto you.*

I PETER 1:25.

VIII.

THE EVERLASTING.

A word is an utterance. It conveys a thought, a message. The Bible is God's word. It is His utterance, His thought, His message.

Some one has said that the Bible contains "The word of man, the word of devil, the word of God." Yes; all three are there. But God uses the word of man and the utterance of devil to barb the lesson, that He wants to teach humanity. And running as a golden thread, making the wrath of man and devil praise Him through all its pages, and lending unity to its vast diversity, is the *thought* of God. The Fatherhood of Deity, the Sonship of man, love, grace and judgment mingle their Mosaic amid its tale of light and shadow, good and bad, the beautiful and ugly, sin and purity.

The Bible is the book for the ages. Not for one race, or one age was it written, but for all ages and all races. There was a time when men looked upon it as a sort of People's Encyclopedia, a compendium of universal knowledge. But more and more clearly the age is beginning to understand what the Bible really is.

Its purpose is not that of the scientific treatise. If it had undertaken to reveal the absolute scientific truth, all ages but the *last* would have been skeptics about it. Only the people that dwelt in the noonday splendor of the most advanced scientific day could have comprehended and received its teachings. Then the Bible would have been received, but at the expense of all their generations.

Although we may observe the unity of a living purpose in the various books of the Bible, we need not expect in it a literary symmetry. Men have no right to go to it as a universal text-book on all subjects of life, conduct and the relations of everyday existence upon this earth. Its aim is moral and religious. The revelation it contains shows man how to treat God and how to treat man. It is a guide to all moral and religious truth.

But we must not expect to get out of the Bible what God has not put into it. Some try to see in it the compendium of all philosophy and all learning. I do not belittle the Bible when I say that its one purpose is to teach men religion. This it does, not by enunciating a set of rules or a code of action. Its declarations are principles. These are the forces that wind up and regulate human life. The key is a small affair. How insignificant it is compared with the clock. Yet of what use is the clock unless the little key has wound it up and set it going. The great clock in the tower, with its mighty golden dial and dusky hands, would be in poor business sneering at the rustic, insignificant key that hangs below. So that you need not tell me that the Bible is unimportant because it only puts into a man's hand principles. The truth it reveals is for the government of his whole life, but he must apply the principles, and wind up his thoughts, desires and affections. The truth will thus mold his disposition, the bent, tone and temper of his mind. Where else will you look for that we call character?

But some men complain because the Bible does

not do everything, and so condemn it. They find fault because seed is not plow, drill, planter, hoe, harvester, bread and all. Let the seed grow. Take care of it. Make the corn into bread. Then eat it if you want to know how good it is for food. But do not complain that the truth is not everything. Is not its work mighty enough?

Some try to see all politics, all creeds, all science and all methods in the Bible. Let us beware of abusing it. The Bible is not a treatise on geology or architecture. Do not complain because the ten commandments do not teach the art of navigation. The spade for the ground, the telescope for the stars, the spectacles for the eyes, the boots for the feet, the cradle for the baby. Everything in its place. The truth of God's word is to develop the disposition, to mold the heart, to build the moral and spiritual character of man, and fit him for his true place before God and man.

Again notice. The Bible gives all the truth man needs for the government of his moral and spiritual life. There are some things where the limit of discovery has been reached. While the world stands we may expect no new revelation

regarding them. Such are certain mathematical truths. That two and three are five, is a fact for all eternity. No possible change in this universe, no manner of supposition could make two and three, four or six. Invention and discovery cease here at the one unalterable fact. The same is true of certain propositions in geometry. The human mind comprehends all there is in them.

So the Bible has struck out a circle of moral and religious truths. It gives man all he needs to know, all there is about them. Nothing can supersede the golden rule or the law of love. They are perfect. Nothing can be added to them, nothing taken away. So of many truths of revelation. They fit humanity. But they are seed truths. The light of truth falls upon human life. Walk in it. Do not be surprised or disheartened if it does not bring out into clear relief everything you would like to see and know.

It is a lamp to the feet and a guide to the path. Some abuse and distrust the blessed Book, because it does not do more.

One dark, stormy night when the wind blew almost a hurricane, I was out on the beach at

Martha's Vineyard. Miles down the coast Cape Poge light house shed its radiance out into the wild night ; but that light did not reveal everything to the sailor, tossed and churned and shaken out there on the cruel sea. The gloom still hid the coves and bays, the hills crowned with foliage, the fishing hamlet, and gay watering place. But that light showed the mariner where he was, and which way to steer. The light did not take him up on its winged rays and set his tempest-tossed bark down in a snug harbor. It shone on him as he worked his own passage to the haven.

How do I know it is God's word? says the infidel. That it is good for the soul? Prove it to me if you want me to believe it. Said a dear slave woman, as a skeptic sought to shake her faith, "Can you prove the sun is shining?" "Of course I can," he answered. "It lights and warms me." "Just so," said the saint, "I know the Bible is God's Book, it lights and warms my soul."

But if it is God's Book why did he not give it to everybody? I do not believe it is God's Book, so many of our fellow beings are without its light. It is not so good for the soul as you say it is, or everybody would enjoy its benefactions.

But that argument goes on crutches. It boasts too much and then limps. You might prove in just that way that no natural gift of God was good that he did not allow to all the race. Oranges, apples and figs are not possessed by all men, so they are not good for any man. How absurd, you say. The Creator did not choose to take man into His counsels when he spread out the diversified map of the world and its life-sustaining products, nor did He ask man how He should save him. He has gone about it in His own way. And inscrutable are His counsels.

Shall we refuse to drink of the waters of salvation until we understand the *whys* and *wherefores* that determined the glorious scheme of redemption? As well may the traveler, weary and perishing of thirst, refuse to drink of the crystal brook that crosses his path until he has first satisfied his mind about its source, its journeys, and its chemical composition. "He might die first," you exclaim.

Still further I remark what we get out of the Bible depends very largely on what we bring to it. If we come to it with the right spirit it is the book

of blessings and spiritual nourishment. Never was the Scripture truth more forcibly illustrated, "Unto him that hath shall be given and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he seemeth to have," than just in this relation. The saint of God, equipped with faith and prayer, lets down the buckets of spiritual desire into its wells of salvation, and brings them up brimming over with the water of life. It takes the sanctified mind and heart, molded with the touch of the renewing Spirit, to see its treasures and to appreciate its delicacies. The earth-bound vision sees not; to the selfish tongue there is no taste in these things to make them desired. The dear old grandmother pours through her spectacles upon its pages from her seat by the south window. What does she see? Her face lights up as a cloud grows erubescens when kissed good night by the setting sun.

The maid, blushing with pride as she glances in the mirror opposite, catches the glow on the saint's face, wonders what makes grandmother look so beautiful and happy. But to her, as she reads it, that same page reveals no secret that fires

the heart and transfigures the face. Why is it?

The little lad at his mother's knees skims along the sentences of "The Lord's Prayer." Is in haste to have it over. Wonders a little, is bored a little, but gets done quickly. The sage, who has learned the language of the Spirit, ponders each sentence, lingers lovingly over it, and is never done in the profound thrill of his rapture.

Let me say to you young men and maidens, get the spirit of the Bible, then you will understand it. It will not then be a narrow or dry or useless book, but ripe with suggestion, impulse and inspiration for every hour of life. The Bible is no Scioto or Olentangy rivulets, whose shores are readily explored and from whose waters the fish are exhausted. No! It is a Father of Waters, a boundless sea, the store-house of the globe, rich with the garnered treasures of the universe. The mark of the Infinite Mind is upon it. All the ships that sail the seas cannot contain the draughts of fishes within its teeming floods.

We need to get a comprehensive view of the Bible ere we condemn or approve it. God is a Man of War. He is a Judge, an Avenger, a

Breaker, cry prophet and Psalmist. God is love, sings John. From Genesis to Revelation breaks the love note. Billow follows billow. God is compassionate, merciful, tender, long suffering. There is forgiveness with Him. Joy! Joy! If we tremble at the thunder of His voice, if we hide from the lightning of His eye, shall we not skip and be glad in the light of His smile?

O! the Bible is like a beautiful country in its wide stretch and diversity of scenery. We may go down the valley, past cornfield after cornfield, with its tasseled splendor, while the ripening husks of the golden corn whisper and laugh to each other in the autumn glory. The farm lands are flat and uninteresting to you perhaps. There is no beauty in the farm house. But awake! arouse! We have crossed the Ohio. We are booming along through the mountains of Western Virginia. Mountains pile around us, vistas of valley lands stretch away through notch and opening, as far as the eye can reach. Your attention is enlisted, your enthusiasm is enkindled now.

So it is in the Bible. You may traverse a mighty plain in it and find but little to claim

your attention. But here you come to a garden of roses. Groves of orange trees fling their blossoms and perfumes at your feet, and now the eye gazes enraptured down endless visions of immortal blessedness. A boundless country! There is no exhausting its beauty or interest. A Father's message warm with the heart's blood, leaps from its pages. There is something for you here, something for me; something to cling to; to live by; to die by.

Well may the Christian sing:—

“ How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given;
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to Heaven.”

Again I remark, we may go to the Bible and pluck its boughs of promise and flowers of hope. No sermon, no good book about the Bible can take its place. Its books are to be read as a whole, and not merely verse by verse. We need the impression that a whole gospel will make on the mind. Then will sentences fasten themselves and cling there. How many men have been kept from sin by a word from the good book leaping to the front.

Yet men abuse the Bible by chopping it up into mere proof texts. An Apollo broken into bits might serve as missiles for street boys to hurl at each other. Some look upon the Bible as a sort of stone yard furnishing weapons for intellectual knock downs. To some it is a vast and splendidly appointed arsenal, filled with grape, canister, cannon balls, booms, rockets and Greek fire. They take their peculiar notions and opinions to it, they put their own meaning into it, and marvelously enough their complacency is flattered. The Bible teaches just what they thought it did. They walk through it to pick up bludgeons for intellectual and doctrinal polemics. It was made, in their estimation, to furnish arguments against Unitarians, Universalists, Agnostics and Heretics. Other men have a theory and go to the Bible to prove it, like the man who invented a philosophy all his own, and studied the Bible in the original Greek to try and twist it to support his views.

But the Bible is a Father's message, a legacy of life. The young man is to go to the Word of God as the pilot consults his compass, as the sea

captain studies his chart, the barrister his law books, the doctor his medical treatise.

It is one thing to enlist the intellect and get its assent, another to be passionately absorbed heart and soul in an idea or project. The medical student looks at disease from afar. The professor's eyes, the elaborate text book, are his medium of vision. He believes his professor. His text book is his reliance. That medical book stands by him in his hour of peril. What the enthusiasm of his professor failed to do is accomplished now. His little son is sick. Death halts on the threshold. Will he come in? He wrestles with that book and those alarming symptoms. The book conquers. What confidence he has in it! What a different man he is at his next case. He has saved his own child. He can recommend that treatment heart and soul. He knows it will cure. His feet are on firm ground. He has tested that book. What it says on other diseases he has confidence in now.

The Bible is your chart, help and guide; your medical book. You do not feel well. There are indescribable twinges about you. Conscience is

smarting, seared as with a hot iron, the heart fails, the life is out of joint. Something is wrong. You want it cured. Go to the Bible. Reading it, studying it will not do. Practice what it teaches, do as it tells. That plague of serpents was a terrible visitation on those old Hebrews. Moses set up the serpent of brass. What a thrill of joy must have electrified the first man who looked and was cured. See them leap up, and shout, and sing for joy. "Hallelujah! I am saved!" The word of God tells you just how to cure this malady of sin, how to be whole. The Bible is your chart. Each rock and reef and sunken danger is mapped out upon it. Launched on the high seas of life, the sails all shaken out, the compass of faith set, consult your chart. Your haven is down upon it. It tells you how to steer to reach it. Yes and more. It points to *One* who will pilot your bark amid fog and night and storm and danger. And your chart commands you take Him on board.

That book is your guide. It must be obeyed on peril of your soul.

Do you refuse to-day to give that Pilot the charge of your ship? Have you not read that

now famous description from a masterpiece of English literature. A churlish, brutal captain was sailing his vessel up the English Channel. In his stupid stinginess he refused to pay for a pilot's services. How many such there are in this world. He could sail his own ship to her moorings. But the fog descended, the wind blew, the sails were filled. She seemed to glide along. But, ah! the treacherous currents swept her backward and towards a dangerous shore. Night and a storm came down upon them, and the morning found a helpless wreck dashed to pieces in the raging waters. Lost! lost! lost!

So treacherous is the sea of life, so hard is it to make the haven, that every mariner must have a chart, a guide, a pilot, or in a night, an hour, disaster may impale the soul upon the jagged rocks where demons laugh their triumph over the wrecked spirit.

Our text declares that the Infinite Father, whose hands are stretched out in benedictions in the everlasting Gospel, has written in the roll of the Book His maledictions against the stubborn, the hard-hearted and rebellious. O! hear the voice

of the Bible to-day. Consult your chart. Call the Pilot aboard. Be saved! Be saved!

The Word endureth forever. Its predictions are true. God waits. He is not sleeping. Watch! Be ready. Great God! Thou hast said it. Time shall end, and the feet of the *Avenger* shall stand upon the earth.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

*Not one in outward form, or garb,
But one in Spirit they,
Who in the faith and love of Christ,
Await the perfect day.*

All ye are brethren.

MATT. XIII:8.

That they may be one as we are one.

JOHN XVII:II.

IX.

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

One of the noblest tendencies of religious aspiration is towards Christian Unity. This is no longer a dream, but a germinal reality. The temperature of inter-denominational life has been steadily rising for the last thirty years. Comity and fellowship are not names merely but they are facts.

There is a life force in the Church whose evolution points towards the fulfillment of the Redeemer's prayer, "that they may be one, as we are one."

The declaration of the Master concerning the Fatherhood of God and the divine brotherhood of man—God is your Father, all ye are brethren—the note to which every real pulse of the Church of Jesus vibrates. The watchmen on the watch-

towers seem to sound the trumpet at each yearly meeting of the Evangelical alliance. Man is one in his divine kinship. Humanity is one in its needs and hopes.

The subjects discussed in these world-famed meetings denote how zealously in this age the Church is preaching the simple Gospel in its wide application to the individual and to all social and civil reform. In the alliance of the divine brotherhood of man lies the real hope of the world's betterment. Notice, as an encouraging sign of the times, the nature of the subjects discussed at this last assembly.

The hopeful results of parish visitation needs the methods; Christian co-operation is awakening and directing the moral sentiment of the community; Christian co-operation in relation to moral legislation, its enactment, its enforcement; the need of permeating our civilization with the spirit of Christ; Christianity and the state; enlisting the laity; the need of an enthusiasm for humanity on the part of the Churches. Under the inspiration of such themes as these Christians of all creeds felt the force of the Master's utterance, "All ye are brethren."

The tendency of the age is to unity in this divine brotherhood. The life force of the Church points toward its fulfillment. The influence of this inspiration has produced marvels in the way of sympathy, catholicity, charity, counsel and actual plans for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom. Dogmatic theology has not undergone a greater change than has swept over the Church in this particular. Even ecclesiastical opposition to the swelling tide of union and good fellowship is not only inconsistent, but ineffectual. Strife is of the past. When the creed of the Church is all anathema, the history of the Church will be all war. A dying Scotchman left his carefully written protest one hundred years ago against "sectarian errors and blasphemies." He included among them the teachings of Richard Baxter, the saint; George Whitfield, God's eloquent evangelist, and Luther, whose iconoclasm was offset by his intuitive constructive faculties. Isolation is no longer possible. Churches are coming closer together in the drift toward contact, community, fellowship. We have learned to distinguish principles from methods, spirit from letter.

There is also a growing sentiment that unity is not liturgical uniformity. The argument for unity on the basis of the Book of Common Prayer is the product of bungling doctors, and is neither scientific, logical or according to common sense. It would be as good botany to classify trees from the appearance of bark alone as to attempt to seek the unification of Christians from the appearance of their liturgical bark alone. What we want is neither concession nor compromise, but the Christian liberty to revolve in the orbit of principle. The one law is the gravitation that binds to Christ, the living center. When we seek facts and principles we are quit of local coloring and distortions and tend to catholicity. Modes, methods, opinions, forms dissolve. What was once an occasion of rancor or ghostly fear is now found to be something less than a shadow.

Atrophy seizes upon differences and whole continents of common faith, common practice, common work for the needs of men, the salvation of races and the regeneration and elevation of humanity stretch away into the illimitable ocean of divine love. Oneness of spirit, visions of con-

quest saturate the soul, until the appetite for the little beds of denominational parsnips and onions shrinks into microscopic smallness. How long shall divisions be perpetuated on the letter of baptismal modes, apostolic succession (if anybody can tell just what that bugaboo is), ordination by bishop or presbyter, singing psalms, playing organs or not playing organs?

How long shall two great bodies of Christians remain apart on the color of the pigment in the epidermis?

Move on eager flood-tide of ecclesiastical history! Drown with thy mighty waters the Pharaohs of caste that have held in traditional bondage the people of the Lord, compelling them to make bricks for the world spirit of the Egyptians, rather than to conquer the Philistines and partake of milk and honey in the land of promise beneath the vine and fig tree of love and universal fellowship.

The nebulous period of comity and conference is giving way to something better. This is the age of co-operation.

It is causing to vibrate to its mighty spirit all departments of human enterprise.

That our real need is an intelligent and actual basis of co-operation, those who have thought carefully upon the question attest. That comity is not enough its loose-jointed, mollusca-like relationships clearly prove. It must be something definite; that which has a vertebra around which to build the temple of common interests, hopes and developments.

Unity must stand on the rock of vital facts. It should be real in the nature of things, not a substitution of measures or expediencies for principles. Minor matters resolve themselves. Christian unity carries in itself the process of differentiation and elimination.

Ecclesiastical stupidity alone clogs the mills and grinds its teeth on cobble stones. Provincial issues upholding sects tend to disappear by natural disintegration. Sectarian cohesion is secured only by the application of dogmatic glue and ecclesiastical plaster, warranted to keep together "our identity" and smuggle closely ancient animosities and local strifes. What we point to is a basis for work.

If I remember, it was Macaulay who wrote,

“Where heathen men unite to worship a cow, Christian men should unite to preach Christ.” And this conviction is obtaining universal sweep in the evangelical Churches of the world. The tendency to union in the Japanese Churches is bound to override the prejudices of the Presbyterian and the narrow conceits of the Congregationalist.

Christian conference has done much toward formulating active plans of work. The Church can not touch elbows without something good coming out of such fellowship. Parish visitation by men and women, under the auspices of our Churches, is a great wedge, breaking asunder barriers of ignorance and manacles of bigotry.

When Christians of all stripes get together, visiting people of their neighborhood, from house to house, something must give way. These co-ordinate lines of Christian work make some people feel, for the first time, that they hold a common faith with the Church over the way, or around the corner. The poor man and woman, on whom the burden of mere existence rests so heavily, has a dawning perception that the gospel means human

sympathy, heart, kindly interest in one another. "All ye are brethren."

Two things, at least, are accomplished: undiscovered realms of similarity and agreement loom in view; the unchurched masses begin to yearn, unconsciously, for the fellowship of the Church, through new knowledge of its message and attitude.

A lady writes me from New England: "In the divisions of the evangelical alliance visitation committee, our Mary's work fell in the company of the Methodists. Well, you know how she just hates those shouting Methodists. But she took up the work. Now, you would shake with laughter to hear how she raves over her associates of that denomination. She says: 'They are just the nicest Christian people.' Why hadn't she known it before?" Because a high hedge had been set up by prejudice and bigotry. So, in more ways than one, co-operation among Christian folk is bearing fruit.

"Is that the kind of Christianity you have down at your Church?" said an unfortunate, but worthy, workingman, whom severe illness had stranded,

financially, when a certain deacon handed his wife a bank-note, with the remark: "We are all brothers in the Lord, you know, and that's to pay the rent, and something besides." "We are brothers in the Lord, you know," will work wonders in the line of practical effort for the weary world. We have had preaching of a certain kind long enough, but the masses have discovered, and the pulpit is beginning to rub its sleepy eyes to the fact that "fine words butter no parsnips." Let us have a little more butter on the parsnips, and fewer fine quotations with the juice rung out of them, for the laudable purpose of rhetorical effect.

If the mission enterprises of the Church are to succeed abroad, and in the great centres of population in this land, it must come about through practical plans of Christian union and organized effort of all denominations of the faith. This is true of the evangelization of the masses of our great cities. Let us confine our attention to this problem alone. The history of the city is the history of humanity.

America runs to great cities. The tendency, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, is to gravitate to

them. The census shows that, in the last quarter of a century, they have gained enormously on the body politic. The city has captured wealth, power, influence, to the detriment of the rural districts. The ratio of increase in population, notwithstanding the vast areas of this country, is on the side of the city, by twenty-two and one-half per cent. Says an enthusiastic statistician, "By 1890 one-fourth of our population will be in cities." Many rural districts in New England and New York are decreasing in population and wealth. The school-house and the church are actually dying out.

From 1790 to 1880 the entire population increased thirteen times, but that of the city eighty-six times. In 1800 there were only six cities over eight thousand; in 1880 two hundred and eighty-six.

"What does this mean?" we may ask. Just this: It means that our population—on account of these conditions—is just so much the more easily made the prey of corrupting and degenerating influences morally, politically, socially and commercially.

The existing foes of our institutions can pursue

their disintegrating and demoralizing schemes to the greater advantage. The Roman Catholic church, which opposes its vast and completely equipped system to our common school system, has a proportionately better opportunity to wage a successful warfare than when wealth, intelligence and population were more widely diffused. Every form of vice and every force that threatens the public security, or menaces our institutions, thrives in the putrid and pestilential air of our big cities.

A careful study of the compendium of the last census, with some calculation, reveals that "a little more than one-third of our entire population is foreign-born, or of foreign parentage. Yet Dr. Strong says sixty-two per cent. of the population of Cincinnati is foreign, sixty-three per cent. of Boston, eighty-three per cent. of Cleveland, eighty-eight per cent. of New York, ninety-one per cent. of Chicago."

The danger from this condition of things is twofold—the false ideas that are imported with the immigrants and the hostile feelings that are created for baneful purposes against our institutions and religion even as soon as the newcomer sets

foot in Castle Garden. This is particularly true of our German population. Vast bodies of them are ignorant of the real spirit of our institutions; they mistake license for liberty and appear as putrifying sores on the body politic, spreading contagion. I may be allowed to say this, for I am a combination Dutch and Yankee myself.

Now what relation has the church to the growth of cities?

There are two startling facts that meet us in the study of the problem of the cities. The poor do not have the Gospel preached to them, and they do not care to have it. The demand upon the Church to preach it, is all the greater for their indifference, and we do not settle or get around the question by saying that they can come and hear if they want to. The rich can afford churches, can pay for music, preaching and æsthetic religious surroundings. The poor can not. The wealthy Christians have laid upon them the imperative duty to solve the problem of how the Gospel may be preached to the poor of our time. Christianity, which was once very attractive to the poor, as proclaimed by Christ and His apostles, is not at-

tractive to them to-day, as represented by the modern type of Church. It is rather repellant. It drives them to the dumps, and despair, rather than to hope.

The burden of solving the problem of how shall the masses be reached lies upon the Church. The New Testament furnishes the purest ethics for the preaching of morals, by the Christian minister. It neither denies nor belittles natural morality. It has its own standards of right and wrong, which are not at all appreciated by the unchristian world. As a step to the solution of this problem, it affords a matchless morality. When the sovereignty of ethics is denied, enthusiasm dies, and prudence is enthroned. But prudence can not save the world. In the trenchant words of Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Its arms are too short. Cordage and machinery never supply the place of life. Man does not live by bread alone, but by faith, by admiration, by sympathy." Let us add, by every word of God.

The New Testament recognizes government and counsels obedience to it, and insists upon all virtues that make good citizens. It contains no rules or ordinances for politics, or society. Not a pre-

cept is given on this plane, but it goes down to the foundation of moral and civil obligation. It rests the whole thing there.

These principles of Christianity are to be applied to the advancing needs and changing problems of sociology. Just here I observe a lurking danger of our times.

The man who studies Christianity does not study the society and complex relationships to which it is to be applied ; and the man who studies the phenomena of society doesn't study Christianity. The Gospel in its phalanx of principle is capable of solving every difficulty that confronts the world, if men will only trust it and go ahead.

Again, Christianity supplies the motive and the enthusiasm for dealing with the peculiar phases of our enormous city populations. The religion of Christ has changed the thought and feeling of the world by exalting its passive virtues and ideals above the fleshly and earth-born ideas that dominated the old-time civilizations.

The cross, the emblem of glorified suffering and self-sacrifice, enshrines for humanity the virtues of

religious heroism. The genius and force of Christianity are in the incarnate Christ,

“The chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely.”

Supreme character is the reflex of His teachings and example—of Himself. Its motives are centred in the thought of God and the heart of God displayed in saving grace. “The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge that He died for all, that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him who for their sakes died and rose again.”

Religion, patriotism and humanity alike urge the conversion of the semi-heathen masses of these great cities to the principles and spirit of the Gospel. But it must be confessed that the Church has lamentably failed here. The mission chapel, manned by mediocrity, has been an abortion. A caricature of architecture, and dismally pious enough, generally, to satisfy Satan himself, it has called forth again and again the query :

O Lord, and shall *it* ever live
At this poor dying rate?

It is contrary to the simplicity of Christ and the communal spirit of the Gospel. As an institution

within the Christian Church its tendency is to perpetuate caste. Fine churches for the rich and well to do, but for those who have to wear garments that smell from necessity somewhat of the odors of the kitchen, let the inferior clap-boarded and rough-plastered structure suffice. The New Testament teaches brotherhood, that the strong should help the weak, the rich the poor. Very poor people can appreciate fine churches and works of art and be educated and refined thereby, as well as others. This custom of Protestantism is dissonant to the temper of American civilization. We proclaim brotherhood and then spend our energies in building and perpetuating cast-iron barriers between the classes. But in the disintegrated state of Protestantism which has prevailed, we may hope for nothing better.

No one denomination or sect is strong enough, or has enough of the grace of God, to carry on the work of city evangelization as it should be done. The well-to-do people move away from certain sections of the city, and naturally, inevitably, they take their churches with them. For the modern Church is but another form of mercantile club.

You pay your money and you get your choice. Hence, as a result, the mission chapel is a feeble attempt at an oasis in the desert of city life. The rich are ashamed of it and the poor despise it. The whole conception is to-day malodorous.

Now I know that a strong argument may be offered to the effect that Christianity when accepted makes folks well off and comfortable, even in this world. And that is one reason for this state of things—a single factor in the problem.

But it adds a dynamite argument on the side of a better kind of city evangelization. As left to denominational enterprise, it is a woeful failure.

Have we not right here a real and intelligent basis or co-operation and Church unity—a union of mind, heart and hand born of a single purpose? Let differences vanish before the greatness of the danger confronted. Let principles and essentials find exaltation.

What we need is the sowing of the Gospel seed among these masses, to put such work on a broader, higher, better foundation. But ere it can be begun, our Churches as denominations, must rise above the commercial greed and heathenish

love of place, and wealth, and power that is now cursing them. Christ, and not Church polity or ecclesiasticism, must be supreme. Let evangelical Christianity unite in every state and city to do this work. Build a great mission-house in the quarter where it is needed. Let the church be as imposing in architecture and adornment as any church edifice in the city; let the establishment include all that is calculated to win, elevate, help and save men. Remembering that the conduct of life has so large a place in the New Testament, let the lowly and suffering sons of men realize that the Church, in Christ's name, is there to heal the hurt of both the body and the soul, for time and eternity.

Proclaim the cross and the brotherhood of men, not as a theory, but in reality. Put the best and brightest men right there with bands of co-workers—the Spurgeons, the John Halls, the Talmages. This work demands the best talent; not the mediocrity so often given it.

The city Evangelical alliance is only one step forward in this good work. Dividing cities into parishes is well. Saying that an abler class of

ministers must be assigned to work in neglected quarters of the city is well. But I only wish to give a mere hint at this Christmas season, under the banner of the Prince of Peace, who says himself: "All ye are brethren."

Ye who have no patience with the lowly Christ, and who at this advent time are absorbed in burning incense on the altar of self, or presenting gold and silver and precious gems to the idols of pride and sentiment, though ye label them "Christmas presents"—which they are not, for they are not even given in His name—this will have no interest for you.

Let a congress be established which shall have the control of this department of Christian work. Give it the needed power and the needed treasury. Sink the denominations in it for this purpose. Such Churches of Christ will be recruiting stations for the denominational Churches in the better quarters of the community. When Protestantism presents a bold and united front to this great problem of evangelization, will the Church regain the respect it has lost in some quarters and the cross be exalted over the lives of

the city. Then will the Christmas chimes find sweet echoes where now is only misery, crime and blasphemy. Then will the advent of the Christ child bring afresh his glorified humanity into many a dark alley and lonely tenement-house and gladden weary hearts with a new sense of the divine brotherhood of man.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

*One hand the universe controls,
And source of life is He,
Round whom, in sweetest music, rolls
Creation's unity.*

*The Spirit of God hath made me, and the breath of the Al-
mighty hath given me life.*

JOB XXXIII:4.

X.

THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

There are two theories as to the origin of man. The one makes him the result of a mechanical process, the other the product of a direct creation. One has forced him up by evolution, by the other he came down fresh from the Divine Creator.

But whether the Hand Divine, to whom one day is as a thousand years, a thousand years as one day, has worked by the unveiling of a slow process, or in any other particular method, it matters not, the devout scientist and practical observer may humbly say, "God did it." We may readily accept that idea of evolution which makes it co-existent and co-extensive with the Providence of the Creator. If we should dare seek for a definition of it, perhaps, we might reach, no better than

to describe it as that process by which present diversity has been reached in nature by progression, whereby the more complex and higher forms have proceeded from simpler and lower forms.

It seems probable that there has been such a differentiation as this. But beyond this science is not at present able to go. And here there is no place for merely materialistic or agnostic hypotheses. There is no accounting for the introduction of life and the beginning of the world and the origin of man upon it, by any other evolution than that which has back of it the living, acting, personal God. It is a creation.

Such an evolution differs not essentially from that which we call Providence.

For we mark in the products of science, that it can trace up to the beginnings of life, but it has no real notion of what life is, or power to produce life, or ability to account for it.

There is a point at which religion and Christianity step in and supplement the sublime revelations of science with their own sublimer teachings. With its most persistent gaze science has looked at the phenomena of origins, but from its

depths it has brought up only mute mystery. Says a leading scientific thinker, "The atheist tells us there is nothing there, we cannot believe him. We cannot tell what it is, but there is certainly something."

I stood, the other day, before Muncacksy's great painting, "Christ before Pilate." The grandeur of the picture is not in coloring, not in excellent drawing, not in the poise of figure. Its informing power, breathing vitality, thought, meaning—is soul. It lives in its burning thought.

Humanity's existence is God's thought. What is the difference between a man and yonder tree, statue, or painting? The brightness of the sun but veils the majesty of heaven's eternal King. But man is above the sun in majesty and glory. His power is in his life. The creative might of God, in the evolutions of the divine thought, breathed upon man, and he became a living soul. Man lives, thinks, feels, acts.

Drummond says: "Watch a careful worker in the laboratory of science, and see how nearly a man, by searching has found out God." The observer is none other than Huxley. He stands and

looks down the tube of a powerful microscope. He reports what he sees. He tells us that he has placed upon the glass a tiny speck of matter, which is the egg of a little water animal, called the water newt, or salamander. He is trying to tell what he sees. It is the creation, or development of life. The great observer has described for us, in his lay sermons, what passes under his eye. I select a brief passage.

“It is a minute spheroid,” he says, “in which the best microscope will reveal nothing but a structureless sac, enclosing a glairy fluid, holding granules in suspension. But strange possibilities lie dormant in that semi-fluid globe. Let a moderate supply of warmth reach its watery cradle, and the plastic matter undergoes changes so rapid, and yet so *steady* and *purposelike* in their succession, that one can only compare them to those operated by *a skilled modeler* upon a formless lump of clay. As with an invisible trowel the mass is divided and sub-divided into smaller and smaller portions, until it is reduced to an aggregation of granules not too large to build withal the finest fabrics of the nascent organism. And then it is

as if a delicate finger traced out the line to be occupied by the spinal column, and molded the contour of the body; pinching up the head at one end, the tail at the other, and fashioning flank and limb into due salamandrine proportions in so artistic a way, that, after watching the process hour by hour, one is almost involuntarily possessed by the notion that some more subtle aid to vision than an achromatic, would show the hidden artist with his plan before him, striving with skillful manipulation to perfect his work."

"So near," exclaims the devoted thinker, "has man by searching come to the Creator. So near to the vision of God."

Now what does the Bible say of man's origin. In the beginning God created the world. I go back to man's ancestral lineage. I find that for five of those days of creation God was busy in fitting up an abode for his son.

How boundless the fair palace his fingers erected. He spread the floor below of sheeny blue and living green. He lifted the invisible pillars to support the vaulted dome of cerulean hue. He it was, who, by creative might, adorned and beautifi-

ed, and fitted the sumptuous palace for the abode of him who was to come after. Then, when the house was ready, comes the final act. In the beginning, when light was needed, The Lofty Being who inhabiteth the earth had said: "Let there be light, and there was light."

When the floor of ocean was to be flooded, or the earth peopled, He, in his infinite majesty had simply said: "Let them be," and lo! they were. But now man is to be formed, and the Infinite Creator pauses. He takes counsel with himself. What shall he be like? "And God said, let us make man in our image, after our likeness. So God created man in his own image. And the Lord God formed man from the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul." Life! no physicist has defined,—no medical genius been able to lay hands on it and say: "Here it is! this is life." Man is no longer a model, no longer a beautiful statue, but a living, breathing, thinking being. Man instinct with the "nephesh" begins his career upon the earth; the Hebrew word means, first the breath, the breath of life, then

that by which we call the principle of life, the spirit, the *anima*, the soul, the real man.

I do not propose to spend the time in discussing the nature of this spirit. Let those who have the time, and think themselves wise, do that. Let me, the rather, point out as important, the source of man's life. His heritage, and talents. His revenues, and the ways that exist for the expenditure of the force inherent in man's nature. There are obligations and opportunities of service, the striking out of a career. In a word the essentials of manhood. Considering our environment, it behooves us to make the most of the life we have. If there are higher inspirations let us seize them. If religion offers loftier possibilities to the soul, than the animal may know, let us develop them, for the evolution of the noblest manhood and womanhood.

Some of you here to-night are to deal, constantly, with the means and methods that secure the preservation and development of the physical life, and in your observations, the spiritual must not pass by unheeded.

Let us recognize the truth, that the importance

of life is enhanced by its origin. God made man. Look at the mystery of the physical life. Think of its wondrous adaptations. What a profound mystery the birth of a single babe. A life, a soul, endless possibilities. A glint of immortality, smothered in soft quivering flesh.

Listen to England's bard sing, as he catches a glimpse of the pink and white of the cradle, and dreams of its meaning :

“ The soul that rises in us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.”

The soul is not simply a name without reality. Man is nothing if not immortal. Because of his immortality, the earthly life is worth living. Rob him of that, you take away his chief prop, his greatest inspiration, and motive for sublime living. If there is no immortality, nature, instinct, hope, the yearning passion of the human heart, the glimpses of Godlike nobility, caught here and there in human character, all the universe, is a tremendous fraud, a cheat, a phantasmagoria, where all the promise of expectation knows no fulfillment, and the flower is but an awful mockery of a harvest never to be.

The Scandanavians have a very impressive allegory of life. It runs somewhat in this way. They call it a tree, "The Igdrasil," or tree of life, of existence. The roots of the tree grow deep in the soil of mystery; the trunk reaches above the clouds; the branches circle the globe. At the foot of it sit the Past, the Present, and the Future, watering the roots. Its boughs, in their unleafing spread out through all lands and all times. Every leaf of the tree is a biography, every fibre a deed, a thought, a word. The fruit which it bears is the history of the nations. It rustles with the noise of human existence. It grows amid the howl of the hurricane. It is the great tree of humanity.

We see here how the half savage Norseman estimated human life. To him it was a sublime and momentous thing, to live! to feel! to think! to be! God made it! God made it! Shall our estimate be lower than this? No!

We will cry out with the author of "In Memoriam":

" Life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered with the shocks of doom
To shape and use."

The marvellous power and importance of human life is seen in its capacity for service. Its revenues are vast. The expectations reposed in it are vast also. Where much is given, much may be demanded.

Considering its origin, what is the purpose of man's life? You answer, "To glorify God." True. But what do you mean by that? The glory of God is His goodness. In doing good is His highest satisfaction. Man advances the Creator's glory by his service, not to God directly, but to man. He serves God in serving humanity. Christ's life, Paul's life, the lives of all the truly good have been crowned by the self-renouncement of service for human good.

The end of great capacity is not simply in possession. Before any superior endowment stretch long avenues of service. "A complete and generous education," says John Milton, "is that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully and magnanimously all offices, both public and private, of peace and war."

Does man's power consist lastly and only in the fact that he lives? So does the monkey, the tiger,

the hog. Not in that fact alone, you say, but in this, that with the life man possesses are resident higher faculties.

The secret of his power, is not in the will, the intellect, but in those susceptibilities through which speak the moral and spiritual nature. After all is said and done, not energy, industry, or commercial faculty, but moral and spiritual power, in England's and America's civilization, has made the mother country and her offspring great. It is the moral purpose of the Anglo-Saxon that has really conquered the world.

What makes a deed great and heroic? The mere fact that a man or woman did this or that? It is the moral or spiritual purpose with which it is done.

A woman killed a man with a shot-gun—it was foul murder. The world shudders in horror at the deed. Not but that many men deserve to be cut down with a shot-gun in a woman's hand.

The mother who defended her babes from the assaults of wild Indians in the wilderness of America, one hundred years ago, is celebrated in song and story as a heroine. She, too, killed a man

with a shot-gun. No one called her a murderer. The difference often between the criminal and the hero lies in the motive.

So divine is the origin of life, how careful we should be to use it well. Its powers and revenues demand that we make the best of it. Men are moved and impelled to activity by various controlling motives. The love of family, the love of ambition, the love of power for its own sake, give a kind of unity and swing to earthly careers. But if men could find a central force out of which all springs, and into which all returns, would not this be a supreme cause of activity, and lend the charm of a living unity to all these mere fragments of existence?

Does not the origin of life foreshadow such a cause? Is not the love of Christ, the love of God, and all He represents in the incarnation, such a master motive. Loving Him as the central force of all conduct, will not all other loves spring from this and dissolve into it as the central force of the moral and spiritual universe, as in nature electricity dissolves into light, heat, and motion, and absorbs them all again into its mysterious bosom?

How all the changing fragments of life would take on the quenchless attributes of this all pervading force!

“Ye shall receive power,” said the Master. The power of the Holy Spirit. The love of the highest overshadowing and permeating the lower life. This gives direction and force to individual character. Is not this exalted guidance for all the pilgrimage of time?

Young men, I speak to you, here is the enthronement of the moral and spiritual faculty, with which the immortal soul came into the world, “Trailing clouds of glory, from God, who is our home.”

He who sets out in life simply to live easily, will find sooner or later that life bears hard upon him. It is the old story that a woman, chastened and even embittered by experience, tells unto a younger one, in the words of a popular author of stories, with a moral attached: “There was a man to whom I was very near so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost everyone fond of him, for he was young, clever, and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind.

I believe that when I first knew him, he never thought of anything cruel or base. But because he tried to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as for his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest of deeds, such as make men infamous. He denied his father and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him; that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous. Yet calamity overtook him."

What dignity clothes even the body? It is the temple of the soul. The house should be preserved, adorned, cared for. If great labor is expended upon the casket, it is that it may be a fitting abode for the priceless jewel.

The soul should be well housed for the growth and divine tasks made possible for it.

Your life is within the limitations of will, capacity, and environment. What do you propose to do with your life?

There is the possibility of its foolish waste. On the other hand the opportunity for use in highest service.

All the bright possibilities of the dawn, the

dewy freshness, the divine capacity and glorious expectations will meet you after many days, to ask, What have you done with us? Why have you treated us thus?

There is an old French picture wherein the artist has represented a man and woman wandering in the depths of an ancient forest. The expression on their faces are in keeping with their weird gloomy surroundings. Out of the dusk of the cloistered forest aisles they see advancing towards them a youth and maid. He, radiant and hopeful; she, fair and fresh. The dewy cheek, the bright eye, the noble aspiration, the exalted purpose—all bespeak marvellous possibilities and assured victory. But somehow there is something familiar to the aged couple in the bright eye, the buoyant step, and self-reliant mein of those happy young people, and as they gaze, they are suddenly startled with the revelation that the graceful youths are but the shadows of their former selves, looming from the darkness of the old forest.

But haggard and forlorn, the bright vision of the morning only increases their present misery, and they cry out in despair.

Some day the vision of our beautiful youth with its pure and breezy expectation must greet us, either in the tangled depths of defeat, wretchedness and despair—a trio nursed and fostered by ourselves—or on the uplands won by earnest striving, where the western sky shall flush our faces with a light, whose evening shining is a prophecy of brighter and still brighter days to be.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

*For faith is lost in this hard age,
When keen scapel and crucible,
And microscope and science's page
Religion's earlier dream dispel.*

*Yet, still the heart, with giant hope,
Will reach beyond this age of doubt,
And see a holier horoscope,
For scarecrows of a frantic route.*

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

I JOHN V:4.

XI.

THE VICTORY OF FAITH.

These are the words of a poet and a mystic. Are we to consider them as a flight of the imagination, or as sober reality? Does the Apostle expect us to believe that so intangible a force as faith can triumph over the omnipresent, concrete world? To the superficial eye, this is only pleasant poetry, not the utterance of soberness and truth.

Yet a closer study reveals the intense earnestness of the Apostle. He means what he says.

The more we think upon it, the more John's thought seems to accord with other Scripture utterance.

This is the age of the commentary, none ever more so. The Bible student has fallen into the

habit of neglecting the strong support of the Word, for human crutches, asking what does Calvin say, or Matthew Henry, or Barnes, or Myers? The great question is, What does the Bible say? The very best commentary on the Word is the Word itself. Compare Scripture with Scripture, if you want light upon its inner meaning, and let the Holy Spirit illumine its Holy of Holies.

In the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, Paul gives us a definition of faith. He says: "Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen." The Pauline idea of faith will help us to understand John's conception of the power of faith.

First, faith is that which is the foundation of all hope; it is ground work on which to build. It is the root, pith, fibre of the structure or being concerning which we entertain expectation.

Faith is that power which inspires in the soul the expectation that the dim projects of the present shall find their consummation in the living realities of the future. Faith carries not behind the swift chariot of hope, but impels the eager gaze to behold through the misty vistas of the un-

certain, the rosy garments of the actual and the attained. It sees down the dreary labyrinth of years, the Golden Gate issuing to quiet and repose for the restless tossing and the weary wandering of the now.

Then rising to the realm of the religious and spiritual, across the sea of time, it beholds the city of the soul's desired rest bathed in the glory streaming from the throne of God.

One thing we may notice at the outset, the exhibition of faith is not confined to the religious life. It lies at the base of all progress in the material world. In the things of time and sense it is the ground work of hope, hence of activity and achievement. So in sober truthfulness "faith is the victory that overcometh the world."

There are many who will not accept the religion of the New Testament because it is a system founded on faith. They declare their religion is one of sight, reason, common sense. What their eyes can see and their hands can handle, they claim is their religion, and repudiate faith.

The faith required in our common life and that demand in religion is the very same in kind, the

only difference is one of degree. Religious faith is refined and exalted, and centred not in the material and earthly, but in the spiritual and eternal.

That faith is a ground of confidence as to things hoped for in our ordinary life, requires no very deep thinking to clearly perceive. Here it is the victory that overcometh the world. It is the evidence of the unseen, hence victory over the world.

It is possible to trace a germinal faith step by step up to its higher development, until we stand on the vantage ground of a religious experience, in which process we may test the truth of our statement.

A mother may tell her child not to put its hand on the hot stove lest it be burned. The child has never experienced the sensation of heat, scorching and consuming the quivering tissues of flesh. It has not been taught by pain. But with faith in the mother's wisdom and superior skill obeys her.

"But," you say, "this, if faith at all, is very germinal. It is too closely allied to what we call instinct, to observe any line of demarcation." Yet we may see, if we look closely, in this act an incipient faith, weak and low in type though it be.

Now go a step higher. A father says to his boy, "Now, my lad, if you are studious and obedient during the spring term, at school, and stand well in your classes, when the summer vacation comes, I will take you to the mountains and the seaside." The boy has faith in his father's words, faith that the course of nature will have its wonted way—that sun will rise and sun will set, and at last will come the eagerly awaited day, when his feet shall stand upon the threshold of the vacation season, and his eyes behold the fulfillment of his father's promises. His faith sustains him through many a day of hard study, and weary toil. But after all you exclaim, "That is only a child's faith." True. It spans a few weeks, or at most, a few months. Yet there is in it an element of genuine faith.

But the boy's faith grows wider and wider. It stretches on now with tireless wing. It merges into the full-fledged faith of manhood. The man, like the boy, has trust in his fellow man, trust that the courses of Nature will have their wonted way. So he ladens his stately ships, lifts the snowy sail, or generates the subtile steam, confident that wafted by favoring gales, they will reach their

destined ports and come again with golden freightage.

Thus all men work in faith. The farmer beholds in the seed of springtime, the yellow harvest waving in the autumn breeze, ready to fill to overflowing his garner.

The painter sees in the yet untouched canvas that form of perfect beauty, now glowing on the secret photographic plate, illumined by genius and the imagination, that will by and by challenge the world's admiration, and give his name immortality. The sculptor is quick to catch the angel hidden in the rude block of stone, and where others see no beauty, beholds the perfect form.

So all men work in faith, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, in battle of brain, of brawn, of muscle, of genius for success in the chosen spheres of life.

The humblest citizen that shapes the stone, the mighty architect whose genius plans the temple of which that stone forms but the lowliest part, must both alike work in faith. A great man is strolling by the roadside. He dreams of large achievement. Now he sits, lost in meditation, on a wayside rock.

The lights and shadows that chase each other across his face tell of the tempest raging within, as now the object of his search rises before him clearly revealed, and anon melts, dissolves, and eludes his utmost efforts. The frown succeeds the smile, and again the bright eye and the radiant face tell of approaching success, as rising from his lowly seat in a burst of enthusiasm he exclaims: "I will swing the Pantheon in air!" And Michael Angelo, Rome's greatest sculptor and architect, beheld the glories of St. Peter's standing before him, when, as yet, not a single stone had been laid in its foundation. His eye of faith caught the victory. He had faith in priestly and princely patronage, that multitudes of workingmen would rise up to do his bidding, that the Apennines would yield their rock-ribbed sides, and distant lands contribute to urge on his enterprise.

So, too, the scientist who urges upon the world the use and education of the much vaunted sense—perceptions, as the absolute demand of science, cannot go a step in his much loved pursuits, without dealing with a host of characters unseen and

unfelt by the organs of the body, and grasped solely by the faculties of the mind.

We need only to mention, molecules, atoms, centres of force and atomic collisions, disease germs and physiological units, to make the truth of this statement apparent. "The Christian walks by faith," sometimes declares the man of science as a matter of reproach. Truly the scientist walks by faith, and not by sight.

He dwells in an unseen world of laws and powers, and existences eye hath not seen nor ear heard. If we study the history of great scientific discoveries and inventions we will find that these magnificent achievements were won by men under the spell of thoughts, feelings and inspiration as yet unseen and unrealized—in a word, they were men of faith. Here, too, faith is the victory that overcomes the world—the world of dense ignorance, the veiled world of unseen realities.

"But this," you say, "is a material faith." True, it is the faith of the inventor, the discoverer, the man urged on by the love of selfish ambition. Is it not also the very kind of faith that prompts to large activity the lover of humanity? The

great and good men of the world have been those actuated by large faith. They have believed in themselves, their mission, call it destiny, if you will, and in the Power above all and over all.

Rising to the distinct realm of the religious life, we meet a faith that spans the abyss between the heart of man and the heart of God. It is the faith of a John, a Paul, a Polycarp, a Chrysostom, a Luther.

The faith that inspired the great Reformer when he heard the voice of Scripture ringing in his ears, as he toiled in humble penance, for the good of his soul, up Pilate's staircase at Rome: "The just shall live by faith."

The faith of the martyrs. The faith of a Latimer and Ridley, who could call one to the other out of the cruel flames of martyrdom: "We shall light a candle in England to-day that all the waters of ocean will not be able to put out."

This is the power that has changed the lives of men. Through faith in the Son of God, the Redeemer of the world, are we saved. It has lifted from vice to virtue, from sin to holiness. Transformation has followed its touch.

Yet how many people refuse to behold its effects, or rest satisfied in its results. They scorn the Gospel religion, because it is a system founded upon faith. With this faith they claim they will have nothing to do. The eye that ought to see the splendid effects of a saving faith in Christ, which the history of the individual and the Church constantly illustrates, refuses utterly to behold. Blind to all the magnificent transformations our modern life affords, it persists in matters of religion, in not seeing what in everything else is quite plain to its observation.

“ My religion,” cries one of this class, “ is what my eyes can see, my hands handle, my intellect comprehend. I don't believe in anything I cannot understand.” I once said to such a man, who boasted of his rationalism, and claimed that his was a natural religion, and he did not believe in anything he could not fully comprehend. “ So you do not believe in anything you do not see ? ” “ No, sir,” he replied, sharp and quick.

“ Well,” said I, knowing a certain weakness he had, “ did you ever see a horse ? ”

His eye kindled. Then he looked to see if I

was not daft. "See a horse?" he replied, "why you know I have seen many a horse. I have seen him on the race course, now with graceful arch of neck and dainty tread. Again, I have seen him with flowing mane, flashing eye, dilated nostrils, and strong, lithe limb, speeding away for the victory. I have seen him in war aroused by the blare of the trumpet, the boom of cannon, and the excitement of the terrible onset, amid the smell of smoke and powder, and the furious clamor, straining every nerve in the awful din of battle. Yes, I have seen a horse. I love the horse. I tell you he is the noblest animal God ever made."

"Take the most beautiful horse," I replied, "you ever saw. He stands before you in the flush of a freshly won victory. One blow upon the head! What is that thing upon the sand? Is that the horse? 'No,' you say, 'that is only the carcass.' Where is the horse? Where, and what was that we called the horse? Did you ever see it? Did you ever touch, handle or comprehend that LIFE which made the horse what he was? Where did that which really was the horse, reside? Was it in the graceful arch of neck? the

flow of mane? the beauty of the body? the flash of eye? the strong, lithe limb that sped away to victory? That dead matter there is not the horse, what is the horse? Where is the horse? You believe that he exists?"

"Of course," exclaimed my friend, "I believe he exists. I never saw the life, but I have seen repeatedly the effects of that life. So I know it must be."

Again, I asked, "Did you ever see *yourself*?" At this question he was sure I was a little out of my head.

"See myself?" he echoed, "why, of course I have." "When? How? Where?" "I have looked in the glass many a time," he said, "I have surveyed my hands, my feet, my limbs, my person. Of course I have seen myself. What an absurd question."

"Where are you, then?" I replied. "For surely the hands, the feet, the eyes, do not make up the sum of your personal identity. What I enquire about is that which you really call *yourself*, which gives, which is, your self consciousness, and makes your personal identity. Your soul, your

life. Have you really seen it? Have you held it up to the light in these two hands and exclaimed, 'Ah! here it is. I see, I feel, I know you. You cannot escape me now'?

"Where does that life reside? Wise men talk humbly about it. Where is that which makes the man? Is it in the brain? The brain may be paralyzed, in part at least, I do not know but altogether, and the man is there yet. Is it in the heart? Is that noble fountain the residence of the man, the life? The heart may be paralyzed in part, I do not know but altogether, and the man is there yet in the temple of the body. Did you ever find the exact place where the life holds its court? Did you ever pluck it hence? Did you ever analyze it? Can you say, because of any such research, acquaintance, or dissection, 'I know you, O life! I understand and comprehend you'? How do you know you exist?"

"Because," replied my friend, "I see the *effects* of this life within me, and seeing what it does I believe it really exists, although I cannot see or handle it with these natural organs."

"Just so," I replied, "you may see the effects

of this spiritual force we call faith. The Christian preacher does not bid you, in order that you may believe, understand all truth or to be able to analyze faith and comprehend its exact nature. Behold the effects of a living faith, not in a thing or a dogma, but in a matchless life. See this faith changing for the better the stream of human conduct. Accept it because you may behold its wondrous power in the transformed lives of men and women. Behold it in the light of its results, 'The victory that overcometh the world.' "

Not only are we taught by the Apostle Paul that faith is the substance of things hoped, and so "the victory that overcometh the world," but that faith is also "The evidence of things unseen." By which we are not to think of faith as accepting blindly whatever of spiritual import chances to cross her path. She is not the prey of chance. Faith is not that which impelled by constitutional appetite rushes to gratify its passion and seize its object. That is instinct, bound by the laws that limit, control and stamp it what it is.

Neither is faith, that which when all the proofs

have been given, accepts them as conclusive. In a geometrical problem, step by step we may trace a process and develop a demonstration until the conclusion must be received. But this is not *faith* but *reason*, beholding in the Master light of its own seeing.

“Faith,” says Paul, “*is the evidence of things unseen.*” It is in itself and to itself reason, proof and end.

In another place this same sacred writer declares, “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.”

Mark you, this is no dreamy expectation of what the future may unfold. It is not of what God shall prepare that he speaks, but what he hath prepared. It is a present heaven.

This passage, warm with the glow of the inspired imagination, is no mere flight of golden eloquence, penned to adorn a letter, or wing a rhetorical period. Paul speaks the words of soberness and truth. He tells here of the sheer impossibility of the natural man to comprehend the

things of the spirit. "No genius of earth," he declares, in the moments of his greatest exaltation, ever yet caught sight of the heaven of God, or with ears delicately attuned, was ravished with the melody that sweeps from Seraph's harp." To the unregenerate heart this is impossible. But to the eye of faith, to the soul born of the spirit all spiritual vision is possible. Heaven is a present reality to Christian faith. "God hath prepared it for them that love Him," and receiving His Christ, become the sons of God.

And this is not so much an education of intellect as it is an illumination of heart.

Tholuck, in his preface to the translation of that admirable book, "His Hours of Devotion," wrote: "I have been young, but now am old—I have spent a whole life-time in battling against infidelity with the weapons of apologetic science,—but have become ever more and more convinced that the way to the heart does not lie through the head; and that the only way to the conversion of the head lies through a converted heart, which already tastes the fruit of the Gospel."

It is the humble and purified heart, mellowed

by an unswerving faith, that enters into the secret place of the *Most High*, and abiding under the shadow of the Almighty, beholds the secret of that heaven which is already prepared for the believer's heart.

This is faith in the personal Lord Jesus Christ, the incarnate Redeemer of the world.

The faith that leads the feet through summer's heat and winter's cold, amid the thorn and flint of the rough way, and storms and buffetings, up to those heights where God and His angels dwell in cloudless peace. And even now and here,

The man whose heart on God is stayed,
Is kept in perfect peace ;
At threshold of his inner life
All worldly storm must cease.

“ For whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world ; and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.”

SEEKING GREAT THINGS.

*The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done ;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows,
A harvest of barren regrets.*

Seekest thou great things for thyself ?

JER. XLV:5.

XII.

SEEKING GREAT THINGS.

A young woman at Niagara Falls saw a beautiful flower growing a little ways down on the jagged precipice near which she was standing. She longed to make that fair blossom her own. Leaning over the abyss to pluck the treasure, the roar of the waters caused her to lift her eyes. The awful sight and tremendous rush and noise, confused and bewildered her. Yet possessed of one thought, that she must have that prize, she struggled to grasp it, when, horror of horrors! the earth on which she leaned gave way, and she plunged a bleeding corpse on the sharp stones below.

In this true incident we may behold a parable of the lamentable ending of too vaulting ambition.

It lures its captivated victim, not to the goal of honor and emolument, but to destruction.

The interrogation, "Seekest thou great things for thyself?" was addressed to a young and ambitious man.

Baruch was the secretary and confidential friend of Jeremiah, the prophet.

History records that he looked forward to riches, honor, preferment, and even to the possession of the prophetic office.

He took down in writing the sad prophecies of his master, regarding the overthrow of his country. The coming disaster disheartened and embittered him. He saw in it the doom of his own hopes. But the just old prophet, instead of soothing him with false comforts, only adds to his fears. He reminds his servant that his life is in the hands of God, and that he will receive his portion of the coming calamity.

His disappointment was great. The spirit of an apostate seized him. "Dost thou seek great things for thyself? Seek them not," warns the prophet.

But he is consoled with the thought that his

life shall be spared, though snatched from the general wreck, as a prey from the teeth of the hounds. He will have prosperity according to his ability and faithful conduct.

So we are led to observe, a man's seeking and success depends upon,—

I. His resources.

II. His standard of attainment.

I. A man's revenues are not simply treasures of intellect or coffers of gold, not brawn nor brain, but they are largely moral. The moral purposes and elements are what mark us men. All other characteristics we have in common with the lower life around us.

It is not from the perfection of his lower nature or of this or that physical trait that we judge a man. Our estimate is drawn from the development of his higher nature. It is the ultimate purpose of life that becomes our critical gauge. The grass is valued for its leaf. If that is perfect and abundant, its end is reached. In the shrub whose beauty adorns the lawn, it is not the leaf alone, but bud and blossom that make up the measure of our judgment, while in the orchard and the vine-

yard, the pink and pearly blossoms of the spring-time or the luxuriance of foliage do not avail to complete our estimate of value. The rosy fruit, the purpling clusters, the blood-red vintage must first bear the test of criticism, ere judgment is pronounced. In the grass the leaf is all that is expected, but we look for more than leaf in tree and vine. We gauge everything by its essential element, the supreme end of its existence.

So of man. The lower must reach up to the higher. Judge him not by foot, eye, muscle, intellect, or by his commercial value, what he will bring in the market, how he is quoted on 'change. You are valued by just how good you are. Your moral worth none can take from you.

There are those before me doubtless seeking great things for themselves. Some may not achieve the fulfillment of hopes. It is true that all cannot attain the dream of earthly ambition.

“ How few that in their earlier years
Look on to what their life may be,
Painting the vision of the way
In colors soft and bright and free,—
How few who to such years have brought
The hopes and dreams of earlier thought.”

But manhood, character, moral purpose remain an imperishable possession. Goodness is within the grasp of all.

The New Testament code of morals, unique and unimpeachable, may be the heritage of every life. Love, and its transcendent ideal, may inspire every soul. To incarnate the ethics of Jesus is the summit of the worthiest ambition.

II. The standard of attainment.

The ideal standard of manhood is found in Jesus of Nazareth. No grander conception of ideal manhood has ever been lifted before moral gaze.

“The claim of an extravagant, self-deluding enthusiasm,” says Dr. Channing, “is the last to be fastened on Jesus. His benevolence, too, though singularly earnest and deep, was composed and serene. He did good with the tranquility and constancy, which mark the Providence of God.”

“Whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism,” writes J. S. Mill, “Christ is left. There is no way to find a better translation of the rule of virtue, from the abstract into the concrete, than to endeavor so to live that Christ would approve our life.”

Rousseau says, "Yes, if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God."

"As little as humanity will ever be without religion, as little will it be without Christ. He remains the highest model of religion within the reach of our thought; and no perfect piety is possible without His presence in the heart," was the avowal of the infidel, Strauss, in 1838.

He that is not against Christ is for Him.

"Jesus is the purest among the truly mighty, the mightiest among the pure," cries Richter, "who with his pierced hand still continues to rule and guide the ages."

"The doctrines of Christ have become the words of eternal life in the mouth of their founder," declares Baur, the scholar and critic.

"Whatever the surprises of the future," concedes Renan, "Jesus will never be surpassed. All ages will proclaim that among the sons of men there is none born greater than Jesus."

For His truth, His wisdom, His love, His sympathy, His kindly and gentle humanity, and for His revelation of the divine life that dwells in

humanity does the world's heart revere, trust and adore Him, whose words are eternal life.

Jesus as the standard of manhood remains the same yesterday and to-day and forever. He is the ideal for the physician, all professional life, and for every young man.

Seekest thou great things for thyself, thou wilt find them in seeking great things for others.

A high standard of what the physician ought to be, will be included in the highest ideal of manhood, as the man should never be sunken in the profession. I remark that this implies intense earnestness. It demands working at doctor versus playing at doctor.

The ideal of excellency is found in symmetrical thought. What is meant by a good physician? The healing art is not limited by physical environment. The microbe is not alone the object for which the wise physician uncovers his lancet, or conjures up the spirit of chemistry. He must recognize the intellectual and *psychic* also. Body, intellect and soul are man's triple nature, three in one. A new class of phenomenon arises when from matter you reach mind, morals, spirit.

Hence the physician needs to feel his responsibility. His life task is so great. Its emoluments are hearts as well as coin.

He needs to feel how august the task God has set for him to do.

“ He has sounded forth the trumpet,
That shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men,
Before His judgment seat :
O, be swift my soul to answer Him,
Be jubilant my feet.
Our God is marching on.”

Dealing with both physical and psychic, he should be a man of moral insight. Of all men he should be a good man.

No other has such opportunities for doing good as the physician.

He should be a man of sympathy.

He should have an enthusiasm for humanity, and love it. Love so well, that he dare rebuke its wrong doing. Tolerant of frailty ; hopeful of the best.

This is an age of toleration, witness the trend of thought in theology. The evangelical alliance marks an epoch in sectarian life. The social world is feeling the impulse of great thinking and

spontaneous feelings as never before. Witness the spectacle of an arch rebel being borne to the grave amid high religious and civic honors. The like the world has never seen. It is an age of toleration.

If you truly seek great things for yourselves, you must seek the same for all in the circle of your influence.

If you seek to approach anywhere near the ideal standard of the physician and the man, you must, in a more abundant measure, seek the good of others. Self-annihilation will often be found to be the road of highest achievement.

It will be your duty as citizens and as patriots, as well as in your professional capacity, to help educate the youth of the land, to mold the moral tone of the mothers of the coming generation, so that they will prize the watchful care of an immortal soul as more precious than that of a Japanese pug; and to esteem children as a heritage from the Lord, and not to be driven ruthlessly from our American hearthstones, to find place in the cellars of penury or the scanty quarters of our immigrant population.

It will be a part of your noble and far-reaching task to raise up mothers in America, not ashamed of maternity, nor selfishly shirking the solemn and stupendous duties of motherhood; exchanging its priceless coronet for the baubles of society, or the personal enrichments and pleasures of selfish ease. These are times of wide spread demand for the rights of American women. It will be your part to help to instill in the minds of our country's women, the priceless right to be mothers of a noble race.

The physician should, by patient learning, make himself worthy to have a voice in the world's education, and on all questions of public morals, He should be heard, speaking with the voice of science on the wisdom of legislation where it touches man's physical or moral nature. The physician should be an ideal citizen, ready, sound in learning, trustworthy, a lover of humanity, conscientiously discharging his lofty obligations.

Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek as Man, as Citizen, as Physician, as Christian, under the pierced hand of Him, who is the world's great

Physician, to minister in self denying ardor at the
high altars of humanity.

“ Still, in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues ;
Be just and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's.”

THE LAW OF LOVE.

*Immortal Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never ebbing sea.*

Fulfill the law of Christ.

GAL. VI:2.

XIII.

THE LAW OF LOVE.

A philosophical writer has said, "what we require is no new revelation, but a better understanding of the real essence of Christianity." Everywhere in nature we behold evidences with what ease her great works are being performed. They declare not gigantic efforts, but bear witness to appalling power. "It is not the weariness of mortality," says a great thinker, "but the strength of divinity, which we have to recognize, in all mighty things. But that is just what we never recognize, but think that we are to do mighty things by the help of iron bars and perspiration."

Our text announces a law of human hearts and lives. It is the principle or force by which the most can be made of the life that now is, that is express-

ed in the words: "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." That law is the royal law of love. "A new commandment give I unto you that ye should love one another." This law the Redeemer fulfilled in His life. He was in Himself, the practical exponent of His doctrine: "For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it." We have then,

I. A universal law, and

II. Its fulfillment in practical life.

A universal law. This law is a law of the human heart. "Out of the heart are the issues of life," says the Holy Book. Man is made with sympathies and affections which, rightly developed, bid him respond to the needs of other lives.

Everything has its supreme law or ground work of principle which makes it what it is. The reign of law, both in the physical and moral world, is a familiar topic to the student, and even the ordinary reader of current events. The particles of stone, a bit of pure alabaster, or the enduring granite are held together by cohesion. Take a drop of water. It is what it is, through the chem-

ical affinity of two gases which compose it. Gravitation holds the stars in their places. Love holds the heart in its orbit.

This law is universal. For many, many years men have been seeking some deep principle which binds the universe together. At one time it was said to be, *harmony* with our environment. The fish is perfectly adapted to skim through the waves, and develops amid the waters of stream, lake or ocean deep. The bird was made to fly; to spring upward on the buoyant billows of the lambent, tremulous air. The tiniest insect and the most gigantic creature are in harmony with their environment. The miseries of human life come from not being in harmony with environment.

Again; scientific thinkers said the principle that binds all together is "the survival of the fittest." The fish that is weak is eaten; the little going under; the greatest swallowing up the least. Yet the world everywhere exhibits the principle of mutual helpfulness. Everywhere we may behold the interdependence of all forms of life upon each other, and upon other life. The coral insect, the

beaver, the rook, the elephant, by union of purpose accomplish what cannot be done otherwise. They bear each other's burdens. So, through all the material kingdom, force is resolved into force, power transformed into power. God and nature are never at strife. Nature's apparent evil is but good in the making. Strange and mysterious are many of her ways, and past finding out. The veil that hides her secret purposes bewilders and puzzles mind and heart. Yet amid apparent recklessness and carnage, she never forgets her ultimate aim. She is careful of the type, nor is she careless of the single life. Love speaks in nature, as in human hearts. The highest life, in nature, ever stoops to clasp the lower to its bosom.

God is never unmindful of the soul life, He has for divine purposes enshrined it in a setting of sorrow, tribulation and affliction. Let us remember, that, what are the contradictions of life to us, are no contradictions to Him. When we hear England's Laureate sing :

“ O, life as futile then, as frail,
O, for thy voice to soothe and bless,
What hope of answer or redress,
Behind the veil, behind the veil ? ”

We may be sure there is an answer behind the veil. And he,

“ Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love creation’s final law,”

will not be cheated of his hope and trust.

The principle of mutual helpfulness witnessed in the natural world has its adaptation to man’s life. There is in a sense no real independence of the individual. We are all dependent. The great painting, “ Christ Before Pilate,” the admiration of the age, is not simply the work of Munkacsy. We are the heirs of all the ages. The great masters painted this masterpiece.

When Gladstone rises to address the House of Commons, it is not simply the towering form and stupendous intellect of the Hercules of the nineteenth century that thunders and scintillates. Invisible forms, clad in the garb of the long past, step over the threshold and stand beside him on the rostrum. Burke, Pitt, O’Connell, Lord Bacon, Shakespeare, Elizabeth, in her gorgeous robes of state, Sir Walter Raleigh, and Julius Cæsar in the dress of a Roman senator, flush with the victory of his legions, and uttering the voice of imperial

wisdom, are there. And back from the dawn, out of the palaces of the Pharoahs, or stepping down from Sinai's awful peak, and face shining with supernatural lustre, comes the warrior, poet, philosopher, statesman, Moses, whom the world remembers for what he did, not for his mistakes. Spectres and shadows of the past they stand behind the man of flesh and blood. Their tireless hands bear the burdens of this throbbing, volcanic age; and touching the lips of the speaker they pour their wisdom through them.

This LAW has its fulfillment in practical life. Every man is called upon to help bear the burdens of the world. No man liveth to himself. He owes it as his lowest duty to society to seek to fulfill this law. Society has a right to seek every citizen, and to demand of him that he acquit himself, up to the brim of his capacity and opportunity, in her behalf. All that a man hath in the nature of education, training, scope for the exercise of bent, opportunity to make something more of himself than ordinary, to be something more than mediocrity permits, he owes to the conferment of society. It has a right to say, "I seek you." How out-

rageously and consummately selfish is the man who has no time from his own affairs, to serve the state.

The different nations of the old world had a mission and fulfilled it. Our heritage has been produced step by step through the evolution of the centuries. The Hebrew civilization, Greek and Roman ideas, the crudeness, as well as the culture of the past, has been transmitted to our time. We are what we are simply because the stamp of the generations that have lived before us is on our brow. We are under the obligation of gratitude. We ought to give, because of the rich conferments we have received, without effort of our own, without money and without price. Blood and treasure have been expended, but not our blood, or our treasure.

The sublimest idea of the centuries is that declared by the Man of Calvary: "Love one another." This seed-thought and germ of spiritual growth gave a new impulse to life upon our globe.

The highest motive is, I am here to serve, not I am here to be served. The divine man came to

minister, not to be ministered unto. He that loseth his life shall save it. Success or money are not the most important things in a man's career. Dinner is not the main object of a healthy, intellectual and well balanced man, though he likes to eat a good dinner. "The clergyman's object," says Ruskin, "is essentially to baptize and preach, not to be paid for baptizing and preaching." So of doctors. They like fees, no doubt, ought to like them, yet if they are brave and well educated the main object of their lives is not fees. They on the whole desire to cure the sick; and, if they are good doctors, and the choice were fairly put to them, would rather cure the patient and lose the fee, than kill him, and get it. So with all other brave and rightly trained men; their work first, their fee second—very important always, but still second. It is a symptom of a diseased and degenerated moral system to put that first which ought to be second.

The highest service is born of the highest love. The noblest object of the educated, intelligent man is to be useful, and, in the line of capacity, to help his day and generation. As professional

men, as Christians, as citizens, he who fits himself for usefulness will find it. The world worships success. But cruel and heartless as it is represented as being, it is ready to acknowledge merit. Shams it will not tolerate when the covering of supposed value and helpfulness has been stripped from them. You have heard that some physicians have ridden into popularity and extensive practice by petty deceits and strategic tricks. There was a man who came to Columbus with the idea that what the world wanted was dash and humbug. He hied him to an office, and bought two horses. The patients were few; but with discriminating skill he made the most of those he had—the two horses. He made surgical incisions in their flesh with his whip, and drove furiously up and down the principal streets. “Smart doctor,” the people said; “big practice; very popular. He will soon be the leading physician in town.” But some one of about his own calibre followed him one day. His reputation was punctured; his trick discovered; his sign came down and his horses were sold. He led in emigration to a spot less warm with ridicule.

The world needs helpers; men whose religion is to help bear its burdens so far as they may, and so fulfil the law of Christ. Love is creation's final law, and he who loses his life, in self-renouncement for the sake of others shall find it. Never did society need such men as now. The woe, unrest and trouble of the world is surging to the surface as never before. Outside of your garden wall and mine the cry of human need, its fever moan of pain, and clamor of disquietude, smites the air. Within are possessions of heart, of intellect, wealth of some sort or other.

This ability is not simply to shed sweet delight or passing fragrance on a quiet spot. The rewards and opportunities of great service are abundant and certain. Devotion to duty and lofty aim will not fail of recognition. Life's crowning awaits him who pants, in the line of his knowledge, to help the suffering sons of men. There is a call—and a loud one—for the spirit of loving service and mutual helpfulness in church, in home, in all the vocations of life.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

*Blow, winds of God, awake, and blow
The mists of earth away ;
Shine out, O Light divine ! and show
How wide and far we stray.*

I am the Light of the world.

JOHN IX:5.

XIV.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

Men of metaphysical minds dwell on terms and definitions. When Jesus speaks everybody can understand Him. The Gospels are the germ of which the epistles are the tree in blossom and fruit. Jesus had the marvelous art of substituting things for terms. He taught all mysteries and doctrines, but He never once named them. You never hear Him talking of justification through imputed righteousness. He utters a parable. There is the rich setting of the story of the prodigal son. Poor boy! He leaves home. Turns his back upon father's teaching. Breaks through restraint. The bud of sin; the wine of dissipation; the ecstasy and meretricious joy of salicious revel are all tasted by him. His follies squeeze him out

like a rag wrung dry. So low; he dwells in the fields and his social repast is with the swine. Ragged, wretched, hungry, ashamed he comes home; on that poor wretched boy the father's love and grace put a robe, shoes, and even a ring. Any child can understand that. And yet, there is imputed righteousness in the robe; the alacrity of obedience in the shoes; and adoption of a son and heir in the ring.

“So Jesus,” says one, “never spoke of the doctrines of election and predestination.” But turn to the tenth chapter of John's gospel. He gives there two parables, each representing a half truth, combined how beautiful is the glorious whole.

We see here the sheep fold of which He is the door. “I am the door.” There is the other parable of the flock of which He is the Shepherd. The true doctrine—not the perverted one—of electing grace speaks to us from the threads of this beautiful parable. How do I get to Heaven? By myself? No. By going in at the door set for me. *That is election.*

Again Jesus emphasizes the truth. “I am the Good Shepherd.”

Here is predestination ; vicarious sacrifice ; effectual calling ; prevenient grace ; and holy obedience. Back of all the Shepherd's love. All here. Not names, not definitions, but things.

In like manner when His influence on the world is to be portrayed He teaches by things, not terms.

"I am the light of the world." Hear John put the same glorious fact, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." We understand at a glance that it is His life ; His character that is spoken of.

"Character," says a great American, "is centrality ; the impossibility of being displaced, or overset."

It is His character that is to be a solar centre as the sun of day is a centre for the solar system, and the source of the world's light and life.

The inquiring mind is eager to behold cause for effect. Food must be adapted to the organism, that receives it, or it is valueless. What would nourish an oak tree, or a rose bush would starve a man.

The bread that gives strength and sleekness to

an elephant or a giraffe, would leave man desolate and wretched in the midst of abundance.

There must be fitness and adaption to requirements or there can be no advancement; stagnation and death will ensue.

What is true of the material is also true in the intellectual history and struggles of the race, and prevails in all the struggles and strivings of the spiritual nature to reach its ideals.

In history man sees the golden grains of truth filtered from the debris of generations, as on the sides of the Sierra Nevadas particles of gold are washed from the mountains.

History is "Philosophy teaching by example."

You ask "Why the crusades?" A Peter, the Hermit, incandescent with one great thought, a St. Bernard, preaching with a passion for holiness, rise up.

Why the Reformation of the 16th Century? A Luther towers before us, and we read the story of his life.

Why a convulsed Europe in the latter part of the last century? We see a tyrannical throne and a starving people—the figure of the great Napoleon confronts the gaze.

Why the great rebellion in America? We are startled at the awful abyss of slavery; emancipation and the figure of a Phillips or a Lincoln tells the tale.

This is the incarnation of history.

So in the physical world, means are adapted to ends everywhere.

We marvel at the evidences of design and adaptation in all nature. Look at a single thing, a bird's egg. Why is one egg round and another elongated? we ask. Behold the reason in the skill of Him who has adapted means to ends everywhere, giving everything its mission; its purpose. "Birds that lay their eggs in holes," says Buckland, the naturalist, "have round eggs." Certain birds, however, incubate their eggs without any nest, on the edges of rocky precipices. In this position, the egg is in a position so as to be in danger of being accidentally moved by the wind, or the parent bird. If the egg was round it would roll off the ledge and get smashed. See how the problem of the preservation of this egg is managed by the creative wisdom of Him whose ways are not as our ways, or his thoughts as our

thoughts. The egg of the Guillemot, for example, is not round but elongated at one end; consequently when set gently in motion, it does not roll off, but like a screw near the edge of the table, when touched by the finger, instead of rolling off the edge, it turns gently on its small end, its own axis. Can you conceive of anything more beautiful than this arrangement of the eggs of birds that have their nests on rocks? The great Creator, in that matchless beginning of His, made all things good.

How sublime the birth of Him who was fitted to be the world's Redeemer. Sings Lowell:

“Men think it is an awful sight
To see a soul just set adrift
On that drear voyage, from whose night,
The ominous shadows never lift;
But 'tis more awful to behold
A helpless infant newly born,
Whose little hands unconscious hold
The keys of darkness and of morn.”

To this marvellous being, the Christ child, cradled in a manger, the keys of death and hell, of life and hope, were committed.

Whence comes the brightening glory of our civilization? we ask. Because His life, His char-

acter, He, Himself is in it. He is the bread of life. This bread has nourished the spiritual strength of the world. The race has known periods of gathering brightness and glory, but never any that so demonstrated the adaptation of Christ and His doctrine to the needs of humanity as this. The spirit of brotherhood, of peace and love, are witnessed in the triumph of Christianity everywhere.

Historians tell us, that, there have been seven golden ages of history: the Age of the Ptolemies in Egypt; of Augustus in Rome; of Pericles in Greece; of Leo X. in Italy; of Ivan III. in Russia; of Louis XIV. in France; of Elizabeth in England.

But notwithstanding the golden splendor of these ages, through the stately grandeur of architecture, the magnificence of sculpture, the beauty of painting, the mellifluous cadence and refinement of poetry, the enchanting spell of sweetest song, the cultivation of the intellect, their heroic and warlike exploits, and dazzling pomp and pageantry, the lot of the few, surround these Ages with a halo of glory; they were as ages of stone and iron when we consider their interest in, and

achievements for, the common humanity. What did these periods do to alleviate woe, to assuage pain, and pour the subtile tides of sympathy, warm with brotherly love, into the heart of the multitude? It was only so far as Christ touched some of them that they were real helpers of humanity. For the most part it was the old story, the many sheaves of Joseph's brethren bowing down to the ONE sheaf. But think how He, who said, "I am the light of the world," has verified His prophecy unto his people.

At the height of Athenian and Roman culture, love of humanity, there was none. Jesus was the first philanthropist; He loved the world, and the light of His love has proven the world's life. He is the bread of life; He is the light of the world; look about you and behold the shining of his light—of Christ himself, in asylums, hospitals, and philanthropic institutions of every kind. The benefit the world has derived from Him whose life and character is the light of the world, depends upon the reception it has given to Jesus. The good, the Light of the World does us, depends upon the *reception* we give Him. There are many

false and imperfect ways in which He is received. Some people have so much of Christ that you feel a joy in meeting them ; it is like stepping out into the sunlight. There are other people, who say they are Christians, but they strike one like a chilling frost or a thunder cloud, if you get within a rod of them.

Let us study this subject, that we may eschew the wrong way, and give the right RECEPTION to Him who is the Light of the World.

On some people the light of Jesus' life appears to have no effect. They sit in the noon day splendor of gospel light. But it is without avail. In light or shadow they remain the same. As a bit of hard coal or stone receives no ray of sunlight into its structure, so many a human heart seems impervious to the influence of moral and spiritual truth. The Light of the World, to change and nourish the soul, must be received.

Again, there are some who receive and transmit intellectually and emotionally a little of the light of Christ's moral teachings, but the power of reception is feeble ; transmission is slow. Smoky quartz and ground glass will receive and transmit

some of the rays of the white light of day. But the room that depends for its light upon such substances will remain in the twilight at noon.

I have sometimes walked through a New England forest in the golden glory of October, when ever and anon summery days come to remind one of June's fleeting footsteps. Every leaf has felt the touch of an artist's brush; each tree-top is a coronal of splendor; emerald, ruby, topaz, amethyst, jasper, and chrysolite are there, erubescant and translucent. No crown of monarch ever held such jeweled radiance. Above, the white light streams down on the gem-like foliage; but only a little of it trickles through that splendor to greet the eye of him who walks beneath in those forest aisles; around the trunks of the great trees reigns obscurity. So many a gifted intellect and amiable soul transmits the light of the world imperfectly, and remains *unchanged* for all His pellucid shining.

There is a self-righteous and polished moral nature and disposition, which refuses to acknowledge the real centre of its power. It denies allegiance to the one light of existence, Christ, as lending unity to all the lower motives of living, as the

supreme principle of conduct. Such, reflect without receiving His light. The mirrors, used by the officials of the coast survey service, for purposes of telegraphic communication, flash the sunlight from point to point; they reflect light, but do not retain it for their own development.

The eye that would see the King in His beauty must drink in the light, and be changed by it. The natural eye hath not seen, yet the touch of the spirit will reveal this Heavenly vision. Said a critic of Turner's landscapes to the artist, "I never saw such colors of cloud as you paint." "Don't you wish you could," replied the artist.

As the eye, quickened by the spirit of genius, sees what nowhere appears to the dull eye of the ordinary man, so the soul, enkindled by the Spirit of God, beholds all life clothed with rare and divine attributes beneath the shining of the Sun of Righteousness.

The only danger, lies not in the mere reflection of truth, while the heart and intellect remain unchanged, but in the positive perversion of it. The light of truth as it comes from Jesus or the Bible, may be impaired, warped and twisted by the in-

telleet that attempts its transmission. Yet that intellect itself may remain unchanged. A noted infidel studied the doctrines of Jesus simply to warp them; to enhance the lustre of a specious philosophy of existence concocted in the stagnant exhalations of his own conceited brain.

Two convicts hung for their crimes confessed, that they had both been under conviction of sin, and very near conversion. But they wanted to lead such lives, as would trample on all laws human and divine, so they deliberately argued themselves into the belief that the Bible was a fraud, the Gospels a bundle of lies. Thus the intellect hoodwinked the conscience, and they rushed onward in their destructive career.

A mere *intellectual reception* and transmission of the truth, even though in passing through the mind it be unimpaired, is not sufficient. The white window glass receives the white light of the sun, and transmits it as it comes. But the cold window pane, that allows the winter sun to pass through it, is not in the least changed for the better by its power of transmitting light. An intellect, clear and transparent in its attitude to-

wards truth, may yet be totally unchanged by it. Intellectual assent to doctrine may not, of necessity, give it lodgment in the soul, and so change, mold, and fashion the life.

Devils believe with the mind, we are told, and tremble. But a trembling devil is not a converted devil. If the heart is not reached and quickened, you will look in vain for a changed life.

Yet, is there not a perfect method of reception? When found and assented to, will it not change the whole man? When the soul really sees Christ and takes Him in, then the truth of his words, "I am the light of the world," will appear plain unto it.

What the world really needs is the right reception of that Life, which is the light of men. Its forces and elements must be assimilated to the human life. Then it will quicken, change, and make over the whole man. Cannot the yearning thought of our times be substantially summarized in some such way as this? We do not need a theory, but a life; a life here and now, the realization of the Kingdom of Heaven upon earth. Even if we put aside all outward authority, sur-

rendering to the sceptic every citadel which he has assailed, there will still remain the Life, unassailable and beyond the reach of criticism. This was from the beginning, the Christ-life. The truths of this life are universal. The light of this life must be received. Not with the intellect alone; not as a mere sentiment. It must reach heart and mind alike and permeate the whole man. Then will every thought and feeling become a painter's stroke, portraying our likeness, that is to be.

Have you not noticed, that a plant, shut up in a dark cellar all winter, will lean lovingly towards some chink or crevice in the wall, through which a tiny ray of sunlight struggles, to kiss its waning energies? Why does the plant turn towards the light? Because the sun is its life. It hails gladly its faintest touch; without the light it must die. So Christ is the soul's life. Without His light, bringing warmth and vitality, it dies. Then let us, silently, lovingly weave into the soul the rays that fall from Him.

As the meshes of sunlight are woven into the leaves of the forest, and carried downward by

them, to give vitality to branch, and trunk and root ; so, the soul is to receive His light into the structure of character, that we may all appear at last, with His light transfiguring and shining from us, clothed in the ineffable grace of his perfect righteousness, and know the full meaning of His words, " I am the Light of the World."

ENTHUSIASM FOR HUMANITY.

I am a man, and I have an interest in everything that concerns humanity.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.

I JOHN IV:11.

XV.

ENTHUSIASM FOR HUMANITY.

Great central thoughts have lent unity to and controlled the thinking of different ages.

In the early centuries of the Christian Church the one leading idea that swayed men was, the thought of God ; then came the thought of man ; afterwards the union of God and man engrossed the intellect, giving birth to the great doctrines of salvation. In our time the focal idea that affords motive and inspiration for all noble thinking is, man's relation to his fellow man.

How can man most benefit man? How shall the masses be saved? What means can be grasped in dealing with the great social problems of the age, so that the submerged tenth shall once more gain

a foothold on the solid rock of civilization and respectability?

Love makes us debtors to the whole world. We are debtors both to the Greek and to the barbarian. The supreme thought in our relation to our fellow men, is not, pay me what thou owest; but how can I discharge the debt I owe to you?

How shall life be made worth the living unless the benefactions of the all bountiful Creator be reflected in the limited sphere of human activity and duty? Everywhere we get glimpses of the divine glory in humanity. These remind us of the origin of the race, and that in the lowliest the spark of heavenly flame is not all extinct.

When our dear ones are away from home, how constantly we are reminded of them by this or that article associated with their presence in the household. A gentleman took me into his beautiful home. His son and daughter were in Europe. "This," he said, "is my daughter's room. Here is my son's room. I visit them often; they remind me of the absent ones. You see that picture? My daughter left it there when she went abroad, so that I could look at it every day and recall her. I

am now arranging to redecorate and refurnish these rooms, so that when they return, they may be more than ever pleased with their home. I tell you I love them so, I can't do enough for them. Their mother died when they were little children, and I have just lived for them." Do not these reminders of those we love often prove too powerful for a tender heart? Has not God left us reminders of His gracious and supreme love everywhere? Reminders to think of Him; reasons for loving Him; motives for affectionate service are not want; He has enshrined himself in humanity, that we might think well of it. The incarnation of God's thought, life, spirit and character, is perpetual. Are ye not all the sons of God? It is the divine in humanity that lends meaning to this pent up existence. I look upon a great picture; I see that one central idea controls, animates, unifies the whole.

In a building, one focal idea gives purpose and unity to many separate parts. In the life of man this is also true. The immanent and controlling thought of David Livingstone's life was love for God and humanity. The key that unlocks the

secret of such a life as Washington's was its animating principle—patriotism. When Luther cried, "Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. God help me," the dominant idea of his life was obedience to duty.

The motive that conspires to the wonderful success of the Christian Endeavor movement in our time, is enthusiastic loyalty to Christ, to duty, to the Church of God, displayed in its practical workings.

Love for humanity is based, by the Apostle, on the love that God bears us; if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. This love, either human or divine, must be based on intrinsic values, either in the nature of realities or possibilities.

So I dare affirm, that *enthusiasm for humanity, is an essential factor in a career.* The great and noble life is the product of great and noble motives in living. You cannot get grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles. If one's motives are mean and purposes are low, the results will be mediocre, also. Enthusiasm for humanity is an element of a career, because it supplies a motive

which makes life worth living. This enthusiasm springs from a high ideal of man ; it lifts and exalts humanity, as worthy of love.

There is in man a divine and godlike principle. Well may we exclaim : " What a piece of work is man. How noble in reason ; how infinite in faculties !" For God is in man ; man was made to be good, and noble and true. The ultimate fact of his life—aught else is snare, and harm, and wrong—is, that he will yet be what he was made to be. The promise of God is : A new heaven and a new earth wherein dwell righteousness. Then, shall man reach the ideal, as God sees him.

If one's motives and ideals are low, then will the outcome be mean and low, too. The heart is the nursery whence the gnarled and ugly tree, or the perfection of beauty and strength must proceed. Consider the motives that may operate in the formation of a career. Many men seem to be controlled by no higher thought than the desire to get a living. " I must get a living " is the one vulgar motive that pushes them in the struggle of existence. Food, shelter and raiment are the objective points in life. Their desires rise no

higher than the nutritive port of entry, and the worldly elements of a merely carnal life: What shall I eat? what shall I drink? and wherewithal shall I be clothed? So sordid such a colorless existence, that none of you fear to be stupefied and chained by it, that it may be said of you, that, you had

No lofty dream, no hope sublime,
No panting for a coming time,
When life shall have diviner joy,
And ampler revenues employ;
Content to live upon the clod,
And sink full soon beneath its sod.

The second motive I mention, is the ambition to rise. Many a man has started out in life with the restless desire to be somebody, to get on and up. In some way to make a mark in the world. Some such are not apt to be over scrupulous as to the means used, to get on. Often they wreck themselves on the very rock on which they depend for their salvation. Ambition, purely and coldly selfish, sooner or later leaves its victim stripped of honor and palsied in virtue.

Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold both, among Americans, wanted to get on in life; how lament-

able the results achieved ! Let me illustrate this spirit of ambition to be foremost by the life of Lord Beaconsfield : He dazzled the English public by the phenomenal brilliancy and audacity of his intellect and the dash of his statesmanship. His liberal rival, Gladstone, seemed to be silenced and almost annihilated. Only a few months before the downfall of Disræli, and previous to the bursting of the great bubble he had blown up for admiration in politics, he appeared at the summit of his fame ; returning from the Berlin conference " peace with honor " was on his lips, and his foreign policy was regarded as a triumph, scarcely equaled by any English statesman. Such, at least, was the estimate of his friends. But in what a little while his failure was apparent, and he was then deserted. So low was the ebb of his popularity, that he was actually stoned in the streets, and had to flee for his life from the angry menaces of a London mob. Then came the Midlothian campaign ; then the conscience of the English people was aroused. Doubtless his merciless defeat—a blow all unexpected—hastened Beaconsfield's death.

The one stake, that he played for, was to gratify his inordinate thirst for fame, and distinguish himself above all the men of his time. Listen to the estimate which Froude gives of him, and many think that this opinion of the historian will not be reversed by posterity: "Not one of the great measures which he once insisted on, did he carry, or attempt to carry. As a statesman there was none like him before, nor will there be any hereafter. The aim with which he started in life was to distinguish himself above all his contemporaries, and wild as such an ambition must have appeared, he at least won the stake for which he played so heavily." A victory, do we call it? But was it worth the trouble?

Of such a life may we not say: "Its honors are but empty bubbles." Is it not vain to rise up early and sit up late, simply to quaff the wine, sparkling though it is, of such ephemeral joys? What a mad game is such a life! How poor, after all, the ambition to shine; to shine for self glory, to shine for the applause of the vulgar crowd; then out, brief candle, out; and darkness and shame!

No wonder that a man who had tasted the sweets of gratified ambition, of wealth, and honors and power, could, in his bitter downfall, bid his bosom friend to fling away ambition. The ambition which finds its all, in self-exaltation is a curse.

Again, I remark: Love of wife and children has been the incentive with many men to do well in life. This love has inspired to tireless energy in seeking its object.

Is it not the dream of love that has aroused a young man to quit a life of selfish ease, indifference, or low pleasure, and call on all the nobler forces of his being to put forth their energies, in order to acquit himself well in the eyes of his beloved, and make himself worthy of her?

It was the love of a pure and beautiful maiden that caused a young man, whose drinking habits had ruined his prospects, his character, and his life, to make a man of himself. While lying on the side-walk, asleep in drunken stupor, with his face exposed to the burning rays of the sun, she, who had once promised to be his bride, ere the demon of drink had proved stronger than the claims of

manhood and respectability, passing by, stooped and lay her lace handkerchief across his face to protect it from the scorching light; he awoke to find it there; surveying it in astonishment, he found her name upon it. "What! can it be she loves me still?" he exclaimed. "God help me to be worthy of that love." And love won back for him manhood, honor, place, and a useful career. "Now abideth faith, hope and love; but the greatest of these is love."

Love of science, invention, discovery, has afforded motives for earnest toil in these wide fields.

Devout workers have gained inspiration, not alone from favorite pursuits, but from the hope that their labors would accrue to the benefit of humanity. A Harvey, a Koch, a Jenner, a Columbus, an Edison have been cheered amid the hardships of continuous toil and experiment, in the expectation of being benefactors to their kind. Wealth alone has not been the goal of their efforts.

Enthusiasm for humanity will quicken the pulse, as a young man goes into his life work. The broadest view of our race, as it stands in the

light of God, will help the man who seeks great things for himself. Every man according to his capacities, and divine conferments, has responsibilities and duties to his fellows. No man liveth to himself; we are bound to each other. Independence is limited; we depend on each other. Because society has made it possible for every man to work out a career, in sequestered study or the mart of toil amid the roaring wheels of traffic, every man owes humanity a duty for the boon so freely bestowed. The man whose only object is selfish aggrandizement, is the incarnation of base ingratitude.

In this land, above all others, the citizen should recognize the value of his environment, and listen to the call for voluntary service in behalf of the nation.

Enthusiasm for humanity will be enkindled, first of all by a high ideal of humanity, and in seeking the Godlike and divine in human nature, and in all history. He who recognizes this will shake himself free from the moral malady that paralyzes so many of our young men. The man whose ideas of his fellow men are lofty, will seek

to be worthy of them, and to fit himself for noble service. The duty of being helpful to our day and generation, demands preparation.

Noble deeds are not the result of chance or happening. He who would do great things must seek to make himself worthy to do them.

As well throw the Greek alphabet on the floor, and expect Homer's Iliad to spring up, as to expect success by throwing one's talents to the winds. He who sows millet may look for millet; wheat, may expect a harvest of wheat. He who sows the wind, may as confidently await the reaping of the whirlwind.

President Thiers of France, was once accosted by a reporter, who complimented him on the readiness and finish of what he called his impromptu effort. The great statesman replied, "No statesman should speak on any great theme of State without careful reflection. The speeches you call improvised, why, for fifty years, I have been rising at five o'clock in the morning to make them."

A sense of the profound worth of life will help a man in seeking great aims. God is in man, the hope of glory, hence his life

is divine and sacred. It is our place to nourish and develop its nobler faculties, strong in the faith that one day the brotherhood of man shall lift an unbroken litany of praise and joy around the great world. If God has loved us, ought not men to love Him, who gave His Son to be the Saviour of the world? and, in imitation of that divine Saviour, love his fellow man?

Enthusiasm for humanity will quicken the noblest aspirations, and keep brain, and heart, and hand steady in the real work of life.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

*Think not to find this kingdom great,
Upon some distant star ;
Or in the pomps of royal state ;
Or favored land afar,
Where sunny skies bend low to kiss
The foliage's brilliant green,
And souls of men are soothed by bliss
In other climes unseen :
Invisible to light of day,
Within thy heart its sway.*

*The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand ;
repent ye, and believe the Gospel.*

MARK I:15.

XVI.

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

Every day is a judgment day. Every day is critical of all coming days. Every day the Kingdom of God is at hand, right at the very threshold of the soul. Here Christ stands and declares, "The time is fulfilled, and the Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel." At the end of that old Hebrew dispensation, Jesus came to declare to the world God's nearness to man, His love for man. He did not speak of a new creation or a new order in the universe. God's attitude towards the race had not changed any. He was always love. The supernatural had always waited at the threshold of the soul of man, to inspire, to uplift, and to captivate the heart with its eternal truths. Jesus' mission was to

turn men's attention to the Kingdom of God that was always near.

What the men of our age need is not new truths or the creation of new kingdoms for their receptive faculties, but new perceptions to see the old truths, new eyes to behold what has always been close at hand.

This universe is God's Kingdom. He is its one centre. His law is the one force that rules everywhere. All His creatures are the subjects of the Kingdom, and under its government. So justice for one is justice for all humanity. Truth for one is truth for all.

As the problems of geometry were true before Euclid demonstrated them; as they are true to-day for American and Chinese alike, so moral and spiritual truth was the same before, as after Jesus uttered His doctrines, and it remains *truth* forever.

The law of charity is universal, and declarative of the individual's place in that brotherhood of man which binds the race in the golden girdle of love.

The law of renunciation, the central truth of the gospel, is the one spiral ascent on which loving

souls may rise to heights of devotion and religious conquests. Whether we have eyes to see, and hearts to respond to these sublime realities or not, they remain true facts in God's universe. Whether we see it or ignore it, the Kingdom of God is here. It has established itself at our door. It waits to be recognized. The supernatural is in human life. It is the breath of steam and the pulse of fire to its activity. It is only by living in an atmosphere of the supernatural, and becoming energized by the supersensuous, that hope is kindled in the heart, and faith nerves the soul for life's heroic conquests. To feel God, and lean upon His strong arm, is half the battle to the man who would be pure, or great, or good, and achieve aught that shall bear the scrutiny of eternity. Let me ask you, do you not remember, in your religious experience, when you began to realize the presence of God in your life? Awed by the supernatural, you yet believed, relied on it, and wrought in its power. I do not wonder that men go down amid the great temptations of life. Losing sight of this central fact, without moorings, they drift away and are lost. Look at the many

whose consciences have been seared by the corruptions of society, of politics, and even the church.

Is it so astonishing that men should fail in integrity, and come short in honor, when they drift apart from the Kingdom of God? Or is it a matter of surprise that such men distrust, with the bitterness of despair, humanity, and look with gloomy forebodings on the future? Meeting a leading lawyer and politician in Boston, I went with him to enjoy the hospitality of his charming country seat. We chatted in the freedom of his home. "How is it with you," I said, "does the experience of years make you think the better of humanity?" "No," he replied, curtly, "men appear meaner and meaner to me. The whole fabric of society is rotten. Society, politics and the Church are corrupt to the core." He had lost hold of the supernatural. He despaired of humanity.

Then from a deep knowledge of its secret workings, he rehearsed the low depths to which his party had stooped to pave the way to victory. "And what can our great religious teachers say

about it?" They reply in the words of the Book: "The Kingdom of God is at hand, repent ye, and believe the gospel." What men truly need for individual purification and the reformation of society, is to believe the gospel, to trust it, and apply it, fearlessly, to all the problems of life.

Again, I talked with a business man. He was in the grasp of the world. He told me of some questionable business methods that would have been frowned upon a quarter of a century ago.

His was a gloomy outlook for humanity. But did not his opinions come from such a complete absorption in the world, that he failed to heed what Jesus says is the real salvation of the world? He lived in the shifting atmosphere of trade. He knew no other. An American merchant went down to a South American port. His business led him into a law suit. As in Latin speaking countries, the case was tried before a judge. Somebody told the merchant that if he wanted to win his case he must *remember* the judge. He felt he must win that case. He remembered the judge, and slipped five hundred dollars into his hand. His conscience was easy. It was the cus-

tom of the land. He would win. He was overwhelmed with astonishment when he heard the case decided against him. Meeting the judge in a back street, he exclaimed, "Did I not give you five hundred dollars to decide in my favor?" "Yes," replied the virtuous judge, "but the other man gave me seven hundred and fifty dollars." And he passed on. Could that merchant have any poorer opinion of humanity than he had of himself.

We were on the beach, this summer, when a dense fog shut down on us. The fog-horn blew dismally. Not a sail could we see. Objects were lost a rod away. Suddenly some one exclaimed "Look!" The fog had lifted mysteriously, and silently the breath of heaven had dispelled it. There was the white, shining light-house, five miles down the coast, and there was the blue sky above and the blue sea below. What men need is to let the breath of heaven dispel the dreary fog of sin and corruption, the life of an imperfect and dwarfed humanity has evoked, that they may see the Kingdom of God in its height and depth. The man who thus feels the nearness of the supernatural to man's existence, does not flatter the

world with the tale of its goodness or greatness, but he believes in the regenerating power of the gospel, and is hopeful of ultimate victory. God speaks to man in manifold ways. His Kingdom touches humanity on all sides. Many men are willing to acknowledge God's presence in the physical world ; why not, then, in the religious life of man? The poet Bryant sings:

"To him who, in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms,
She speaks a various language."

What is that but limiting to nature what belongs to the Infinite? He speaks a various language to the hearts of men. The chords of joy or sorrow, when touched by Him, respond with undying melody.

To-day, in the heart of Ohio, the music of the sea beating upon the shore, is yet sounding in my ears. The carols of the birds in those forests that fringe the coast, the æolian melody of the wind in those leafy bowers, lie like bright poems on the pages of memory, or live in the corridors of the brain. The one thought that comes to me, go where I may, amid the beauties of sea or land, is

the presence of God in His works. This beautiful frame of things is God's thought, telling of His creative power, speaking of His protecting and sustaining providence. Ought not men to be glad to acknowledge the primal cause of all this wonderful being? With Samuel Taylor Coleridge, gazing upon the stupendous glories of the Alps, we may cry out—

“ Who made you glorious as the gates of Heaven,
 Beneath the keen, full moon? Who bade the sun
 Clothe you in rainbows? Who, with living flowers
 Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
 God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
 Answer; and let the ice plains echo God!”

Shall we not see Him everywhere?

God made, we say, the sombre forest and the laughing daisy. Glad to see Him in nature, shall we not behold Him in man's existence? Why do we put Him apart from our religious life? He is in it. For us His Kingdom is in the world. Every day brings it to us. Lo! the kingdom of God is here. It is not a kingdom to be established. It is already here. Where we are it goes, waiting to be found out by us.

But, you say, “How is this kingdom to come to

me?" Many a man who has felt himself empty and hungry spiritually has sought it in the wrong place, and in the wrong way. Naaman expected God to come to him in a fashion commensurate with his human pride. He was looking in the wrong place. The Kingdom of God, Christ declares, cometh not with observation. The solemn truths of history, reiterate the Master's words. It cannot be said that the Kingdom of Mohammed came without observation. It arose in fanaticism and ran its way through fire and blood. Who in the world observed when Jesus came? Some shepherds—a wise man or two. How did the kingdom he preached progress? Who saw it appear in Antioch? Did the augurs herald it at Rome? Here was a soldier who found it. The Kingdom of God was in the army. A man in the palace saw it. The Kingdom of God was in Rome. So it has gone on marching down the centuries. Epochs illustrate the Redeemer's words, "It cometh not with observation."

It is in the heart of man, a silent, and invisible force. He who has it, knows it. There is no mistaking its presence.

So it comes to-day. It is here now. You may find it now. Find Christ. Let him dwell in you. You are in that kingdom. Jesus is here this morning. He speaks to you.

I think that somewhere or somehow that kingdom appears to every man. Christ comes to fill the void, to stop the ache of hearts. He comes to transfigure you with His infinite glory. The draught of repentance may be bitter, but the joy of salvation shall be sweet. If you do not enter this kingdom, may not the thought that you have once seen the Christ and not believed in Him be the most hateful memory of your existence? You may quench the regret of many a lost opportunity. The sting of loss of health, riches, intellectual attainments, worldly ambition, you may out-grow. How shall the undying soul lose its regrets that it once saw the Christ, but believed Him not?

Once lifted into the Kingdom of God, the sorrows and many of the contradictions of life, that seem enigmas, shrouded with vaporous darkness, will reflect the glory of the Lord our God.

There is a mountain in China from which, I have read, may be observed a singular phenomena.

Ascending nearly a mile high, and going to its precipitous face, one may behold in the midst of the dark abyss below a bright sunlit disk of light, around which is a beautiful halo of the colors of the rainbow.

The natives call it the glory of Buddah, attributing it to the reflection from his crown of light. The mountain is regarded as a sacred mount. Explained by Prof. Tyndall, the appearance is similar to the rainbow. The sun-rays are reflected on the mists of the valley. But, to see it, you must be above the mists. So to behold the glory of the divine love illuminate the sorrow of self and the world, a man must be exalted in the Kingdom of God above the mists and damps of this sinful world.

Not only is the Redeemer's call to repentance, but it is also to steadfast belief. He demands a positive belief. Is He right? Is the Gospel eternal truth? Are you a sinner? Then be guided by Him, through trial and night and tempest. Believe the Gospel. He declares to you the kingdom. Trust Him. He will lead you into its safe repose.

Far from land, anchored above a shoal, you are intensely occupied in beguiling the fish of the sea to your hook. The skipper scents the storm from afar. But the summer sea is calm. You laugh at his fears; your sport beguiles you. He urges you to up anchor and away to the harbor. Yet you linger in false security. And now the storm bursts in its fury. The waves run high, the wind howls through the rigging; death stares you in the face. The white-winged sea gulls soar above the storm and find a safe harborage. But the storm mocks you with its fury; whom have you to blame for your peril but yourself? You refused to believe the skipper and be guided by him. Gliding over this sea of life, or anchored in eager pursuit here or there, Christ tells you this morning to seek safety in the Kingdom of God.

Will you refuse to believe and obey Him?

The Kingdom of God is at hand now. To every age it is near. You have felt near it many times. You have almost believed the Gospel. Yet you linger.

You have heard that the Kingdom of God would come to you at the day of your death.

“But that is far away,” you say. Is it?

At Nantucket one summer, a preacher rode by the old burial place. Silent, and gray, and dim with age it looked. By his side was a laughing girl. “Only very old people, I suppose, are there,” she said. “Only very old people,” he mused, “I saw there a headstone for a little babe, a boy of six and a girl of ten.”

“Only very old people!” None have immunity from thee, O, Death! “Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh.”

When He comes, the Kingdom of God comes.

How long will you wait to enter it? Listen! Be wise! Now is your great opportunity. Invisible gates swing open. Angels whisper to you. A treasure-trove, richer than the imagination ever dreamed, awaits you.

The King summons you. “The Kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the Gospel.”

LEADERSHIP.

*Bring down the stars, whose golden light,
Glow near the Alpine summits white,
And yoke them to the thoughts divine,
Which throb in human speech, and shine
In scholar's court and Council Hall,
That gauge the World's great tidal fall.*

If the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch.

MATT. XV:14.

XVII.

LEADERSHIP.

Says an American thinker: "The ordinary man in law, medicine or theology, comes only unto the knowledge of the letter that killeth. But thoughtful men do not give stones for bread, nor have they ever done so."

Christ came to set right the thinking of the world, that had all gone wrong. The leaders of society had been blind to the spirit of truth, and the knowledge of right. If the leaders in politics, society and religion are blind, the ditch only is before us. Christ upbraided the Disciples for following the Jewish leaders and showing lack of understanding.

In all ages the progress of the race has been hindered by the blind prejudices of society.

Francis Bacon said long ago "the principal hindrances to scientific progress, or religious advancement, are the prejudices of men." These are the idols men have worshipped.

It is not sufficient for a man to be devout and religious, to reverence the Infinite and be a good merchant, lawyer, physician. He must recognize the duties and obligations he owes to his fellow men. Sociology lays its imperative upon him, beginning with self, and reaching out to home, state, church and the world.

The command, "Love one another"; and "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of the cross of Christ," is broader than speaking in prayer-meeting, giving dole to the needy, or watching by the sick bed.

Men of thought must seize the loftiest idea of manhood, and reach out in self-denial, for the betterment of the world. An affection for the highest manliness and its duties, will lead to worth, greatness and enduring deeds. Men of such type will draw their fellows upward, towards the largest ideals of living.

The vast expenditure of power by the sun of

our system is one of the fascinating mysteries of science. The mechanical energy that the sun flings out into space, manifesting itself in what we call gravitation, is coming to be regarded, not as a drawing, but a pushing, impelling, driving force. But the *soul* of man is not *driven*, but drawn.

When God deals with matter, He drives it by his law, compelling swift obedience. When Christ deals with the souls of men he draws them, from above, lifting them into the empyrean of His own matchless character.

As salvation is from above, so the leadership that the world needs is that from above. It is consecrated scholarship that represents the highest moral transforming power in society to-day. There is a spirit abroad that puts the personal license, and the do-as-I-please doctrine, in place of unflinching loyalty to Christ and His doctrine. But experience has proven that it is the heart of Jesus, efflorescent in human life that surrounds all things with new attributes, and comes as a benediction to the lowliest and most common place.

The aims and purposes of our higher education, are not bounded either by the classics, the crucible and test-tube, or the telescope. The scholar, the product of these institutions, has been characterized as cowardly, and indifferent to public welfare.

President Gilman, of John Hopkins University, asks of an educational institution: "Is it a place of sound education? Are the youth trained within its walls, lovers of truth? are they learned? are they trustworthy? And to sum up all questions in one, Is it a place for the development of manliness."

In the great pyramid of Egypt is a smooth shaft cut slopingly through the solid stone, and pointing like a telescope to the heavens, near the pole. When it was built the ancient priest astronomer thought it pointed to a fixed star in a changeless sky. To-night the eye that gazes through it looks at empty space. The star is gone, even as Rameses and his dynasty, with the culture and glory of Nile Land, have disappeared. Those seemingly changeless heavens are known to be moving now. How vast the gap between those earlier men of

science and the modern investigator, who with millions on millions of mutations between him and his elder brother, sits patiently to read the variations of the stars, and even the elements composing them, not through the medium of the eye, elongated even by the grandest magnifiers, but as they are displayed, with unerring accuracy, on the delicate photographic plate.

But how much vaster is the gulf, between the religious notions, of the dweller beneath the shadow of the great pyramid—his idea of the Creator of those worlds and man's relation to Him, and to his fellows, and the sentiments that sway the human mind and heart to-day.

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago, in Bethlehem, a star greeted the vision of the heavenly watchers, whose shining has been growing clearer and clearer with each succeeding generation. To-night, in the heart of this vast Republic—that had no existence, even in the dreams of men, when He was born, we come to bend the knee before this exalted Redeemer of the race, and adore Him as the author of our life and liberties. To his appearing once in time we reverently trace the pos-

sibilities of a Christian brotherhood, a Christian scholarship, and a race redeemed as the freemen of the Lord.

If we are His, we ask ourselves, how can we more perfectly receive His light, obey His teachings, enter into His life, and lead more and more of our race to trust Him for personal salvation, and apply loyally His teachings to all the opening problems in the evolution of society.

Stars may come and stars may go; but brightest of all the heavenly luminaries, His star is shining on.

The evolution of society from the condition of those dwellers beneath the shadow of the pyramids, to the magnificent bloom of the nineteenth century civilization, is a mighty stride. Slow growths and long periods, and many struggles alone have sufficed to produce such splendid results.

The law of growth in nations and individuals is the same. The poet and artist are born, not made with human machinery. For sculpture, it is not enough to know anatomy or wield the chisel. The artist must learn to breathe soul into the stone. He

“ Must submit to a law which it is painful to obey, that he may bestow a delight which it is gracious to bestow.”

“ It’s a big price you ask for that work,” says the Yankee to the French artist, “ you can paint that picture in three days.” “ True,” was the reply, “ but it took me fifteen years to learn how to do it in three days.”

It may take a generation for a wiser thinker to develop an idea and whisper it to the heart of the nation, ere the people will hear, and kindle into thought and action.

When the heart of the nation catches fire at it, the demagogue and stump orator are glib enough in its enunciation.

If you want to serve the world, young men, you must be Christians yourselves. There must be something behind the creed you utter, or your professions of religion or morality. It must be Christian manhood. The scholar—above all men—should cultivate a habit of mind with steadfast reference to equity founded in nature, purity and public advantage. For he is set for the rising or falling of many. The man must be greater than

his profession or his talents. "The purest literary talent," says Emerson, "appears at one time great and at another time small, but character is of a stella and undiminishable greatness." This it was that made Lord Chatham, as he stood at the head of the English nation organizing her victories on sea and land, and told their story to the British Parliament, glow with the form of Britain's self; the roar of British guns, and the shout of British victory reverberated in his eloquence, and men felt there was something grander about the man than anything he said. It was character. The Christian scholar will lay his first claim to leadership in his Christ-like character.

Once brute force was the measure of manhood. The query was, which was greater, Hercules or Ajax? Achilles or Hector?

How silly the question known to have been debated in our school days: "Who was the greater man, Alexander or Napoleon?"—the butcher, Alexander, or the butcher, Napoleon? The Christian, whose enthusiasm is kindled at the manhood of Jesus, does not judge of Napoleon from the centre of that military glory that enshrines him at

Jena or Austerlitz ; but asks, what was he as a man at home ? how did he treat Josephine ? what love had he for men ? how did he appear in adversity ? on what terms treat with death in lonely St. Helena ? The notion that genius on its manhood side is not to be judged by the code of morals that applies to other men—is exploded.

This age, because it is more Christian than any other, is conspicuous for making a great deal of the finer sensitive qualities of the heart. The strong virtues are the meek and patient virtues. The canon of criticism is the *renaissance* of the old canon of the cross.

Yet in our estimate of that which makes up the worth and greatness of human life, are we not inclined to give too large a space to mere hard intellectual qualities ?

Macaulay throws a just shadow on the great intellectual life of Lord Bacon, when his pen draws a picture of the meanness of his character. Carlyle drags the mantle of the hero from Cromwell as he displays to the world his consummate selfishness. And the rapier like polish of Frederick the Great's intellect is dimmed by his lack of moral

worth. Pugilism, intellectual or physical, is contemptible in the light of the law of Christ. The last canon of greatness is written in the volume of love and gentleness. The victory of Jesus, in Pilate's judgment hall, declares the triumph of the gentle face over the brutal one. "The bravest are the tenderest; the loving are the daring."

It is true, that, as a class, the scholars, the thinkers, the men of books, have been much maligned. Those who have taken advantage of the opportunities that society affords, for real growth and culture, and who are thereby qualified to speak, have too often been shoved aside by time-servers, and men of low expedients, in the attempts at reformation of abuse, or ancient wrong. It is also, too true, alas! in the corruption of politics, the truly wise and noble have stepped aside; the best are silent now. Mammon worship pervades all public service. The scholar has selfishly retired, not to smirch himself in the cesspools of political service. Yet here is his place. There is a real glory in even being the anvil on which, in the white heat of conflict, great issues are forged. Our education is defective that does not recognize

the imperative of religion to exalt manliness. So the Christian leadership, towards which I point, is not to come simply from intellectual grasp but from greatness of soul. It is evolved from positive faith in the personal Christ, and a sound gospel morality, as all sufficient for the world's need.

It is the men who lift the idea of humanity, glorified through the incarnation, before the world, who are gladly accepted as leaders, in the long run. Though many such men were the heretics of yesterday, they are the heroes of to-day. Of Michael Angelo it has been written, "He was the brother and friend of all that acknowledge the beauty that beams in universal nature, and who seek by nature and self-denial to approach its source in perfect goodness." And our great countryman, who has himself been limned as the "Flower of the heart of Milton," could declare of his prototype: "It is the prerogative of this great man to stand at this hour foremost in literary history in the power to inspire." Men who have had the spirit of Christ, have had this power to inspire. Whether a Milton or

a Gladstone, a Luther or a Knox, they have made their fellows think better of the race, and its possibilities for good. "Better than any other he has raised the *idea of man* in the minds of his contemporaries and of posterity," writes Emerson of John Milton.

How did these truly great men do this? By first of all reaching out to the Redeemer with passionate love and reflecting Him in the inner life. First, liberty of being, of character, and then they were led by the Master, whom they adored, into the liberty of service. And in divine service will our efforts after Christ-like character find their glory and consummation.

If the Christian's citizenship is in Heaven, and there are duties and responsibilities that rest upon him towards the kingdom of God upon earth as well, for the regeneration and reformation of society, he must *recognize* the obligations he owes to his fellow man. Sociology lays its imperative upon him. The Christian scholar is called upon in these times to stand firm under the shadow of the Cross with the uplifted Bible. Let him declare the dignity of manhood. To be venal is no venial of-

fence. It often requires the grandest heroism to simply stand firmly and do one's duty. There is something sublime in the heart that receives the blows of the hammer in the white heat of temptation. For often, it is beneath the furnace blast, we wait the power of transformation. No price that can be weighed in gold can repay a man for parting with one ounce of his manhood. For manhood means moral purity, boldness, dignity and bravery.

Experience teaches that the men who in these latter ages have wrought marvels for humanity, have been the scholars and the thinkers walking under the sceptre of the law of Christ. They have been men and not woodchucks, and nature has served them, whether on mud floor or chair of ivory, and their fellows have listened because they have brought the ideal Christ to actual life. "This is natural, this is for us here and now," they said. Losing self in the vision par-excellent, they have been kindled into beacon lights, and in the shining their brothers have gratefully dwelt. Constantly in our myriad of newspapers and magazines the educated man, the scholar and thinker, is

exhorted to do his duty to the state and society, and to recognize the call to self-denial and consecrated service for the good of the Republic. I believe the men of religious and moral principles are doing this. In spite of all the demagogism, quackery and corruption in the land, take from education the force that the conscientious, moral, thinking men are exerting in leadership, and you sap the mainspring of moral and progressive action. It is the silent, but potential leadership, of the educated that is saving this land. It was Theodore Parker who lamented just before the wild storm of our civil war: "If our educated men had done their duty, we should not now be in the terrible condition that we deplore." Yet I know that it is the American thinker and scholar, whose white plume of Navarre has been in the van of every struggle for human rights; and whose eloquence, with more than Amphion music, has burned away the barriers to human progress, and smiting the Theban walls of American slavery leveled them to the ground.

In this country, let us notice, that it has been true, that she owes her institutions, her safety, her pres-

ent and prospective progress to her scholars and thinking men. Their patience, toils and sacrifices have availed largely to make her what she is. It was once said that New England led the Union. What then led New England? may be pertinently asked. Her scholars and thinkers lighted the morning guns of the revolution, whose echoes were destined to reverberate round the world. In the revolutionary period educated men led the way, and prepared the thought of the people, in pulpit, on platform, and in press.

In the travail of the confederation from chaos and anarchy towards constitutional union and unity, the good genius of her educated men prevailed. "In that goodliest fellowship of lawgivers of which the world holds record," that framed for us the constitution, that has done so much to direct the ship of state through many a troubled sea, out of fifty-three noble men, thirty-three were college graduates.

Ten years before our civil war George Bancroft, the historian and patriot, was walking on the rocks at Newport with one of our younger scholars, who was beginning even then to reflect in

himself the starry radiance of a Sir Philip Sydney, and with the lofty courage of his young manhood, smite the lethargy, indifference and mammon worship of his fellows. Said the scholar to the historian: "Where do you propose to end your history?" Waving his hand over the sea, the historian replied: "If I were painting a picture of this ocean, I would stop with the horizon. This nation is but an experiment, I shall stop with the adoption of the Constitution."

Since then, this nation, that survived the struggle of its birth, has arisen from the ordeal of internecine peril, and the seismic shocks of civil war, recreated, to proclaim its organic unity. This nation is one to-day. But because it has outridden so many storms, it is not safe to assume that its perpetuity is now assured. There are perils yet abroad. The insidious seeds of political and social disaster lurk in our very structural life. Never in any period of our national history was there more demand for lofty patriotism, and the vigorous strength of Christian manhood, smiting the lairs of the hydra-headed monsters lurking at our gates. Never were the opportunities of young

manhood greater than to-day, to work for the souls of men at home and abroad, and for the reformation and purification of our land, to make this, in deed and in truth, Immanuel's land. The fires of unselfish devotion to country, must be kindled at the altars of worship. For us to love our country, our country ought to look lovely in our eyes. There are perils abroad, destructive to patriotism, and a standing menace to the foundations of our government.

To the thoughtful Christian mind how profound the perils arising from mammon worship and the haste to be rich; the laxity of our naturalization and election laws; the tendency in certain quarters to eliminate all ideas of God, and the ethics of Jesus from our political, social and educational life; and the mighty influx of those who have no sympathy with our moral purposes or institutions. It is true that in no age has the brotherhood of man been more emphatically realized than now. "Our age is more democratic than other ages," says a recent writer, "because it is more Christian." What does Christian mean to the student of social science? It means the

brotherhood of man ; the Fatherhood of God.

Surely the Church of Christ has a voice amid these far-reaching questions. The Christian scholar dare not be silent. A great theologian is reported as saying: "The Church, as such, is a spiritual company seeking its own edification in spiritual things." But there are problems here that rise to the dignity of tremendous moral issues. It is false to say that the Church is simply seeking its own edification in spiritual things. It has a divine Word committed to it, which is capable of application to all the problems of human life. Its mission is to expound and apply this word. Men have treated the ethics of Jesus as they are wont to treat an unsafe bow, or thin ice. Men have not trusted the Gospel as it is worthy of being trusted. They have been afraid to pull the arrow to the head, lest the bow should snap, or trust themselves on the ice, lest it should crack.

Christian leadership is the power of kindling sympathy and trust, so that men will eagerly follow where the Gospel leads. It is the genius of molding the lips of the stony Memnon of public

opinion, so that the first sunbeam of opportunity will smite them into music.

Never was America more plastic to good influences than now. In the old fairy tale, the princess lies in the enchanted castle, where the magic spell of the wizard has caused profound sleep to fall on maid, and servant, and sentinel. The mist that shroud keep and portal, terrace and battlement no mortal eye can pierce until, the young and stately knight, decreed by fate to break the spell and wed the fair princess, shall appear at the gate. Now the clarion note of the young knight's bugle sounds over hill and vale. He is beating for entrance at the portal. The spell of the enchantment is dissolved. With alacrity the inmates of the lordly structure spring up, in the fair shining of the radiant morn, to welcome their delivered and future master.

So, to-day, in an enchanted castle, lulled by indifference, smitten by the moral malady of the *laissez faire* doctrine our countrymen sleep, but this castle of superstition, ignorance and evil custom shall open its gates to the persistent bugle note of young manhood, fused by the expulsive power

of moral ideas. Be not in your efforts at advancement, blind leaders of the blind, but with understanding enlightened, by Him who came down to earth to lift humanity up to His glorious Cross, bear His light, and truth, and love onward to illumine the, as yet, unseen future, before which every false enchantment shall be dissolved.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR HYMN.

O, Jesus, King, to whom we look,
Thy love on Calvary,
Reflected in our hearts inspires
Fresh loyalty to Thee.

Thy holy cross upborne we see,
Through ages sounds its note;
O Lamb of God, we march where'er
Thy blood-stained banners float.

To Thee, O Christ, allegiance be,
And to Thy truth divine;
Each to the other now we cry,
And lift Thy bright ensign.

Dear Saviour, soon, the conflict o'er,
We'll lay our trophies down
At Thy blest feet; and from Thy hand
Receive the victor's crown.

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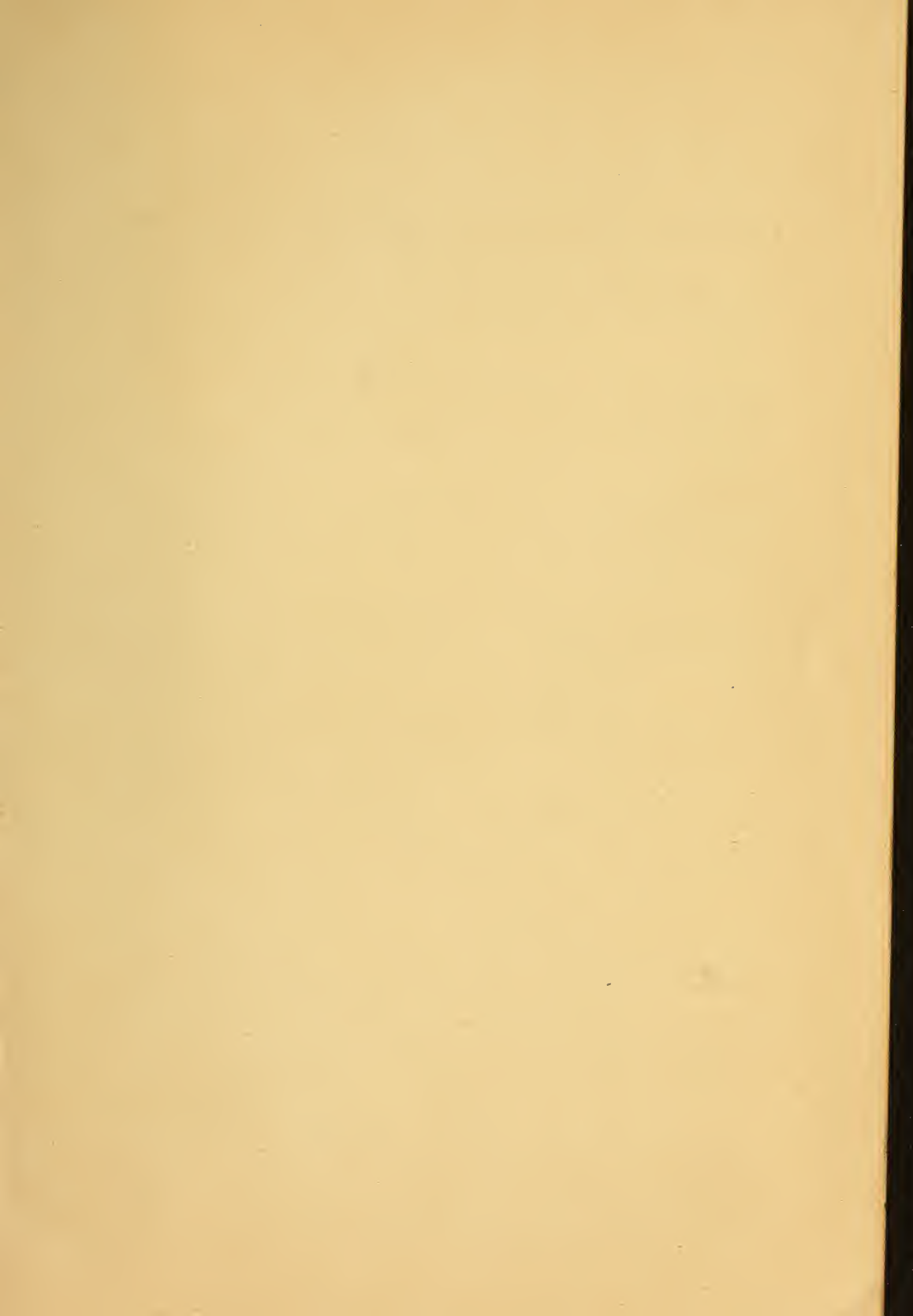
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